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Ministers' Hand-Book:

FOR

;TENINGS, WEDDINGS, AND FUNERALS.

COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY
Minot Judson
M. J. SAVAGE.

REVISED AND ENLARGED.

Boston:
GEORGE H. ELLIS, 141 FRANKLIN STREET.
1882.

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BY

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1882

PREFACE TO FIRST EDITION.

BEGAN the preparation of this manual simply as a Burial vice, and for my own convenience. I had found no one just suited me. It was a trouble to select and arrange cially for each separate occasion. I wanted more va- y. I did not like to carry two or three books with me, ı of them being, perhaps, too large for the pocket. The it of reading some appropriate verses, as a part of the rice, increased this inconvenience. The desire to use fitting thoughts of extra-Biblical writers increased it still e.

earning my plan, other ministers have expressed a re for copies. This explains why it is published.

hen publication was determined on, it was thought best nclude the services for Christening and Marriage. A ice-book for the pocket will be found convenient where dren are to be baptized or wedding ceremonies are to be ormed at the house.

y selection and combination, it is hoped that both ety and adaptation to all ordinary occasions may be ined.

ON, March, 1880.

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PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION.

THAT this little Hand-book came into a place that was alting for it (or a better one) is proved by the fact that the rst edition is exhausted, and that unfilled orders are waitg for its reissue.

The editor and compiler has taken advantage of the presnt occasion to revise and, as he believes, considerably nprove it. He has availed himself, as far as was practiable, of the suggestions of his brother ministers; and he kes this opportunity to thank them for their kindness.

Let him who is inclined to think it incomplete look carelly over the field, and he will be surprised to find how ttle material there is that is just what is wanted. There is large amount, both of prose and verse, that is *almost*, but *ot quite*, suitable. There is an abundance that is good for uiet reading at home; but that is not adapted to be made part of a public service.

Blank leaves are furnished for those who wish to fill in ith any favorite readings of their own that may have been mitted.

OSTON, April, 1882.

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Baptism of Children.

D Jesus took a child and set him in the
; and when he had taken him in his arms,
id unto them, Whosoever shall receive one
:h children, in my name, receiveth me; and
)ever shall receive me, receiveth not me, but
that sent me.

d they brought young children to him, that
ould touch them; and his disciples rebuked
that brought them; but when Jesus saw it,
.s much displeased, and said unto them, Suf-
e little children to come unto me, and forbid
not, for of such is the kingdom of God.
/ I say unto you, Whosoever shall not re-
the kingdom of God as a little child, he
not enter therein.

ıosoever, therefore, shall humble himself as
e child, the same is greatest in the kingdom
aven.

ɛe heed that ye despise not one of these
ones; for I say unto you, that in heaven
angels do always behold the face of my
:r which is in heaven.

sympathy, as we believe, with the spirit of
we are about to dedicate this child to God

in baptism. This water is the emblem of that purity which God desires in the souls of his children,— that purity which was in Jesus, his well-beloved Son, through whom we are called to pureness and holiness of living.

Will ye do your best to instruct this child in all the truth of God? And will ye faithfully endeavor to rear *him* in the nurture and admonition of the Lord?

Answer.— We will.

Name this child.

And, repeating the name, the Minister shall baptize the child, saying:

In the faith, fellowship, and hope of the gospel, I dedicate thee to God, our Father in heaven.

Let us pray:

Almighty and everlasting God, who hast promised unto us that thou wilt not only be our God, but the God and father of our children, admit this child, we beseech thee, into the bosom of thy Church, into the service of all truth, into the arms of thy mercy, and into the communion of saints. Grant to *him* a healthful body, a good understanding, sweet dispositions, and rich measures of thy Holy Spirit, that being steadfast in faith, joyful in hope, and rooted in charity, *he* may safely pass *through the* temptations of this world, and have *part with thy* faithful children in the life to come.

ıdue these thy servants, O God, with wisdom
above. Help them in thine own best way to
ecrate to thy service this cherished gift of thy
ness. By thy Holy Spirit aid them, and all
are here present, so to live before thee in
and obedience, as finally to see thy face in
nd peace eternal. Amen.

nn may here be sung.

ıe peace of God, which passeth all under-
ling, keep our minds and hearts in the knowl-
and love of God, and of his Son Jesus Christ;
:he blessing of God, the Father Almighty, be
ıgst us, and remain with us always. Amen.

Flower Sunday and Consecration of Children.

[For this service choose some Sunday in May or June after flowers are plenty. Let the Sunday-school children take a prominent part. As far as possible have all the children born into the households of the church during the year presented by their parents or guardians. Let them be grouped about the Minister, or in front of the pulpit, while the Sunday-school children or the choir sing an appropriate hymn.]

The Minister shall read or say:

And Jesus took a child, and set him in the midst of them. And when he had taken him in his arms, he said: Whosoever shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me. And whosoever shall receive me, receiveth not me, but Him that sent me.

Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father, who is in heaven.

Dear Friends:

It was said in old times that "children are an heritage and gift that cometh from the Lord"; and in most cases the birth of a child is rightly considered as an occasion of joy and thanks-

ving. The little ones have come into the midst
life's duties and dangers at our invitation, not
ieir own: they should therefore be received into
·ms of loving welcome and tender care.

It is a most serious responsibility to bring them
ere, to add thus to the world's sum of good or
ril; and we should not dare to do it, unless we
·e earnestly ready to do all we can to make their
ves a blessing both to themselves and to others.

With these most serious thoughts in mind, and
accordance with the spirit and the truths of the
:ligion which we profess, we are about to conse-
·ate these children of ours to the love and ser-
ce of our heavenly Father. In their tiny hands,
ıey hold the future; and that future will be good
: evil as they shall make it. We consecrate
ıem then to purity and truth, believing that thus
ıly can they attain to the highest happiness and
ell-being for themselves, and be of the noblest
ervice to others.

This water with which we touch their foreheads
; the fitting symbol of a pure heart and a clean
fe. These flowers which we bestow upon them
re appropriate tokens and emblems of the un-
olding graces of a noble life and the fragrance of
ood deeds.

You, then, as the parents and guardians of
hese children, do solemnly promise and engage
hat, to the best of your ability, you will instruct
ınd train them in the principles of all right liv-
ng; that you will help them to be fearless, impar-
l, and reverent seekers after truth; and that yo

will endeavor to set them such an example as they may safely follow.

Answer.— We do.

Then, naming each child in turn, while touching its forehead with water, and holding in his hand a bunch of flowers to be given the child after the formula is repeated, the Minister shall say:

—— ——, in the use of this water, an emblem of purity, and the gift of these flowers, a symbol of the unfolding of a beautiful life, I consecrate thee to God and his truth forever. Amen.

Let us pray.

The prayer may be extempore or read, at the option of the Minister.

[To each child, after the formula of consecration, the Minister gives a bunch of flowers, which it is recommended shall be preserved as a memento of the service. As the children are taken away, the Sunday-school children or the choir will sing a concluding song.]

Consecration or Confirmation of those of Riper Years.

DEAR FRIENDS:

Let us hear the words of the wise, that have come down to us from ancient times, and that have been proved true by the experience of the world.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. Only those who are foolish despise instruction. Forget not the law of righteousness. For long life and peace shall it add to thee.

The ways of wisdom are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honor.

Wisdom is the principal thing: therefore get wisdom; and, with all thy getting, get understanding.

Ponder the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established.

The memory of the just is blessed; but the memory of the wicked shall rot.

The value of a virtuous woman is far above rubies.

She *will do good*, and not evil, all the days of *her life.*

Strength and honor are her clothing, and she shall rejoice in time to come.

She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness.

Her children rise up, and call her blessed.

Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but she that feareth the Lord shall be praised.

Do not lay up treasures on the earth only. But seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness.

Watch ye, stand fast in your faith, quit ye like men, be strong.

When Moses was come of years, he refused the pleasures and riches of Egypt, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God.

Pure religion and undefiled before God is this: to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep unspotted from the world.

Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called children of God.

Now are we children of God: and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but when we see him as he is, we shall be like him.

Every one that hath this hope purifieth himself, even as He is pure.

Some of you were consecrated to God and his truth when as yet you were too young to understand the obligations then entered into on your *behalf.* Some of you, perhaps, are now here for *the first time* to make this public dedication of *yourselves to* a noble life.

It is, of course, true that one may lead a right-ous and helpful life without making any formal ledges so to do. But in a world like this, where o much needs to be done to establish the king-om of God (which is the perfect condition of nan), it is fitting that those who are willing to onsecrate themselves to the work of fighting gainst all evil and helping forward all good, hould know each other and pledge themselves to nutual aid.

By presenting yourselves here to-day, you do not ommit yourselves to any fixed intellectual creed, ut only to a moral purpose. Indeed, it is a part f your pledge that you will discard whatever elief you discover to be false, and freely accept whatever you become convinced is true. Only you are to be careful that neither haste, prejudice, nor passion shall control you either to accept or reject.

To find the truth and practically apply it in helping your fellow-men to be happier and better —this is to be your life-work.

Do you now, therefore, pledge yourselves, in all earnestness and sincerity, to do your utmost to renounce all evil and error, and to do all you can to make the world better ?

Answer.— We do.

Then the Minister shall say :

This water is an emblem of purity of heart and life. *And this* bunch of flowers is a symbol of ? *ife unfolding in* beauty and holding in its hea

the seeds of results that shall grow and bear fru hereafter.

Here the Minister shall baptize those who desire it, sa ing:

I consecrate thee, —— ——, to God and hi truth, and to the service of your fellow-men fo ever. Amen.

Then he may give each a bunch of flowers. When this i done, he shall say, addressing them all:

We now receive you into the fellowship of al those who are heartily devoted to God, to truth and to the help of man.

Let us pray.

After the prayer, the service may be fittingly closed by sin ing a hymn.

[If desirable, the flowers, and that part of the service co nected with them, can be omitted.]

Marriage Service, No. 1.

EPISCOPAL SERVICE.

(With slight changes.)

DEARLY BELOVED, we are gathered together here, in the sight of God, and in the face of this company, to join together this man and this woman in holy matrimony; which is commended of Saint Paul to be honorable among all men: and therefore is not by any to be entered into unadvisedly or lightly; but reverently, discreetly, advisedly, soberly, and in the fear of God. Into this holy estate these two persons present come now to be joined. If any man can show just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace.

And also speaking unto the persons who are to be married, the Minister shall say:

I require and charge you both, as ye will answer at the day when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed, that if either of you know any impediment, why ye may not be lawfully joined together in matrimony, ye do now confess it. For be ye well assured, that if any persons are joined together otherwise than as God's law doth allow, *their marriage is* not lawful.

The Minister, if he shall have reason to doubt of the lawfulness of the proposed marriage, may demand sufficient surety for his indemnification; but, if no impediment shall be alleged or suspected, the Minister shall say to the man:

M., wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor, and keep her in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all others, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?

The man shall answer:

I will.

Then shall the Minister say unto the woman:

N., wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou cherish and care for him, love, honor, and keep him in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all others, keep thee only unto him, so long as ye both shall live?

The woman shall answer:

I will.

Then shall the Minister say:

Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?

Then shall they give their troth to each other in this manner: The Minister, receiving the woman at her father's or friend's hands, shall cause the man with his right ha

to take the woman by her right hand, and to say after him as followeth:

I, M., take thee, N., to my wedded wife, to have ıd to hold from this day forward, for better, for orse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in ealth, to love and to cherish, till death us do part, ccording to God's holy ordinance; and thereto I light thee my troth.

hen shall they loose their hands; and the woman, with her right hand, taking the man by his right hand, shall likewise say after the Minister:

I, N., take thee, M., to my wedded husband, to ave and to hold from this day forward, for better, or worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in ealth, to love and to cherish, till death us do art, according to God's holy ordinance; and hereto I give thee my troth.

hen shall they again loose their hands; and the man shall give unto the woman a ring. And the Minister taking the ring shall deliver it unto the man, to put it upon the fourth finger of the woman's left hand. And the man holding the ring there, and taught by the Minister, shall say:

With this ring I thee wed, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow: In the name of our Father in Heaven. Amen.

Then the man leaving the ring upon the fourth finger of the woman's left hand, the Minister shall say:

Let us pray:

Giver of all good and fountain of all joy, the *uide, support,* and felicity of all who put the

trust in thee: we beseech thee to bless these thy servants. Enable them faithfully to perform the covenant they have now made in thy presence. May their hearts be united in the closest bonds of love. May they be counsel and strength, and light and comfort, one to the other; sharers of each other's joys, consolers of each other's sorrows, and helpers to each other in all the changes and chances of the world. Hand in hand, and heart with heart, trusting in each other and in thee, may they tread together the path of life. Be thou, O Father, their guard and guide. And lead them through this transitory world to the life eternal. Amen.

The Lord mercifully with his favor look upon you, and fill you with all spiritual benediction and grace; that ye may so live together in this life that in the world to come ye may have life everlasting. Amen.

Marriage Service, No. 2.

NOTE.— The following service may suit the wants of those who do not like the form of *giving away* the bride,— a relic of the barbaric time when woman was *owned* and could be given away; as, also, those who — as bride or groom — do not like to take so large a part in the words of the service. It can be used without a ring, by omitting that part of the form. In that case, of course, the closing words would be changed, and might read: "I then, by virtue of authority," etc.

Of course the prayers, in either service, can be extempore, if the Minister prefers.

If desired, the opening questions to both the man and the woman can be asked as one question; thus omitting the first answers (I do), and only answering once (I will).

The parties standing arm in arm, the Minister shall say:

DEAR FRIENDS, we have gathered here this {morning / afternoon / evening} to unite this man and this woman in holy marriage. This is an institution ordained by God in the very laws of our being, for the happiness and welfare of mankind. To be true, this outward ceremony must be but a symbol of that which is inner and real,—a sacred union of hearts that the Church may bless and the State make legal, but that neither can create or annul. To be happy, there must be a consecration of each to other, and of both to the noblest ends of life.

Believing that in such a spirit as this and with such a purpose you have now come, you may join *your right hands.*

To the Man.

You, ——, take this woman, ——, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, to have and to hold, from this day forth, as your lawful wedded wife?

Ans.— I do.

You will love, honor, cherish, and protect her in sickness and in health, in prosperity and in adversity, and, leaving all other, you will cleave only unto her, so long as you both shall live?

Ans.— I will.

To the Woman.

You, ——, take this man, ——, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, to have and to hold, from this day forth, as your lawful wedded husband?

Ans.— I do.

You will love, honor, cherish, and care for him, in sickness and in health, in prosperity and in adversity, and, leaving all other, you will cleave only unto him, so long as you both shall live?

Ans.— I will.

To the Man.

What pledge do you offer that you will fulfil these vows?

Ans.— This ring.

He hands it to the Minister.

To the Woman.

Do you, on your part, accept this in token of the same?

Ans.— *I do.*

To the Man.

Handing back the ring.

You will then place it on the fourth finger of the left hand.

After this is done, and they have again joined their right hands,

To them both.

Forasmuch, then, as you have now pledged your mutual vows, and have given and received a ring in token of the same, I — by virtue of authority vested in me by the State, and in the name of our Father in heaven — pronounce you husband and wife.

Let us pray:

Our heavenly Father, who hast set the human race in families, binding us together by these sacred and tender ties, these, thy children, have now, with clasped hands and mutual pledges, taken upon themselves these life-long obligations. We trust that it is indeed true that these outward acts only symbolize a union of hearts already made sacred by the holy love with which thou hast bound them together. From out the innumerable multitudes of earth, these two have come, looked in each other's faces, and are made one. Their converging ways have united, and henceforth are to be the same.

If it be possible, may their paths be ever easy and pleasant beneath their feet. May the skies be ever sunny over their heads. But, if sorrow must come,— as it comes to all,—let the pressu

of trial only bind them closer together. Let the experiences through which they pass only make them more and more completely one. With clasped hands and united hearts may they accept life's joys and bear its burdens. And, if their sun goes down and night darkens their sky, may it at least be bright with the stars of hope.

And when the day of life is over and the evening shadows fall, like tired but happy children, may they come home to thee, and find the door of the Father's house wide open to their returning feet.

BENEDICTION.

And now the Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace. Amen.

Marriage Service, No. 3.

hose who desire a brief service.

TANDING, as you now do, in the presence of and these witnesses, you covenant each to the other as your companion and bosom id for life. And you solemnly promise that will continue to love, honor, and cherish each r; that you will perform, in conscientious ity, in sickness and in health, in prosperity in adversity, all the duties resulting from the riage relation, so long as you both shall live?

ns. each.— I do.

ring, as in preceding service, if desired.

ng words (as in preceding).

PRAYER AND BENEDICTION.

Order of Burial Service.

1. Singing.
2. Readings of Scripture Selections.
3. Reading Poetic Selections.
4. Singing.
5. Address.
6. Prayer.
7. Singing.
8. Benediction.

If there is singing only twice, let it be at Nos. 1 and 7, omitting No. 4. Frequently, no singing will be provided. In that case, the above order may be observed, only with the singing omitted.

Sometimes, it may be best to extend the readings and omit the address.

Burial of the Dead.

Death.

MAN, that is born of a woman, is of few days and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth as a shadow, and continueth not. Behold, thou hast made my days as a hand-breadth, and mine age is as nothing before thee.

My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle. They are passed away as the swift ships. There is but a step between me and death. All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away.

(Men) dwell in houses of clay, whose foundation is in the dust. We are strangers before thee, and sojourners, as were all our fathers. Our days on the earth are as a shadow, and there is none abiding.

Ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away. See, then, that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise, redeeming the time.

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all *generations.* Before the mountains were brought

forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God. Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest,

Return, ye children of men. For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night. Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep; in the morning they are like grass which groweth up. In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

We spend our years as a tale that is told. The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days. Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil.

Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children. And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

There is nothing that nature has made necessary which is more easy than death. What a shame is it, then, to stand in fear of anything so long *that is over so soon*! It is not death itself that is *dreadful*, but the fear of it that goes before it.

hy was such a one taken away in the prime of years? Life is to be measured by action, not me. A man may die old at thirty, and young urscore. Nay, the one lives after death; and other perished before he died. The fear of h is a continual slavery, as the contempt of it rtain liberty.

Seneca.

Death of a Child.

nd Jacob rent his clothes, and put sackcloth ı his loins, and mourned for his son many . And all his sons and all his daughters rose o comfort him; but he refused to be com- d; and he said, For I will go down into the e unto my son mourning. Thus his father for him.

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nd when the child was grown, it fell on a day he went out to his father to the reapers. he said unto his father, My head, my head. he said to a lad, Carry him to his mother. when he had taken him, and brought him s mother, he sat on her knees till noon, and died.

ıd she went up, and laid him on the bed of nan of God, and shut the door upon him, and out. And she called unto her husband, said, Send me, I pray thee, one of the young and one of the asses, that I may run to the of God, and come again. And he said, refore *wilt thou* go to him to-day? it is er *new moon*, nor sabbath.

And she said, It shall be well. Then she saddled an ass, and said to her servant, Drive, and go forward; slack not thy riding for me, except I bid thee. So she went and came unto the man of God to Mount Carmel. And it came to pass, when the man of God saw her afar off, that he said to Gehazi his servant, Behold, yonder is that Shunamite: run now, I pray thee, to meet her, and say unto her, Is it well with thee? is it well with thy husband? is it well with the child? And she answered, It is well.

David therefore besought God for the child; and David fasted, and went in, and lay all night upon the earth. And the elders of his house arose, and went to him, to raise him up from the earth; but he would not, neither did he eat bread with them.

And it came to pass on the seventh day that the child died. And the servants of David feared to tell him that the child was dead: for they said, Behold, while the child was yet alive, we spake unto him, and he would not hearken unto our voice: how will he then vex himself, if we tell him that the child is dead?

But when David saw that his servants whispered, David perceived that the child was dead: therefore David said unto his servants, Is the child dead? And they said, He is dead. Then David arose from the earth, and washed, and anointed himself, and changed his apparel, and *came into the* house of the Lord, and worshipped

ı he came to his own house; and when he ıired, they set bread before him, and he did eat. hen said his servants unto him, What thing is that thou hast done? thou didst fast and weep the child, while it was alive; but when the d was dead, thou didst rise and eat bread. ł he said, While the child was yet alive, I ed and wept: for I said, Who can tell whether l will be gracious to me, that the child may ? But now he is dead, wherefore should I ? can I bring him back again? I shall go to , but he shall not return to me.

ınd they brought young children to him, that ıhould touch them: and his disciples rebuked ıe that brought them. But when Jesus saw it, was much displeased, and said unto them, ter the little children to come unto me, and ıid them not: for of such is the kingdom of l.

erily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not ive the kingdom of God as a little child, he l not enter therein. And he took them up in arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed n.

. Hindu mother gave birth to a son. When boy was able to walk by himself, he died. The ng mother carried the dead child clasped to bosom, and went from house to house, asking ny one could give her medicine for it. Some ırded *her as* mad; but a wise man said: "I

cannot cure your son, but I know of one who can attend to it. You must go to him: he can give medicine."

Then she went to him, and said, "Lord and master, do you know any medicine that will be good for my boy?" He answered, "I know of some." She asked, "What medicine do you require?" The sage replied, "I require a handful of mustard-seed taken from a house where no son, husband, parent, or servant has died." The mother then went about with her dead child, asking for the mustard-seed. The people said, "Here is some mustard-seed: take it." Then she asked, "In my friend's house has there died a son, a husband, a parent, or a servant?" They replied, "What is this you say? The living are few, but the dead are many."

Then she went to other houses; but one said, "I have lost my son"; another, "I have lost my parent"; until at last she said: "This is a heavy task I have undertaken. I am not the only one whose son is dead. In the whole country, children are dying, parents are dying."

The woman went and laid her child down in the forest, and then came to the teacher. He said to her, "Have you received the handful of mustard-seed?" She answered, "I have not: the people of the village told me, The living are few, but the dead are many." Then he said to her, "You thought that you alone had lost a son: the law of death rules all."

Then the mother devoted herself to helping others.

With slight changes, from Conway's version of one of Buddha's Parables.

The messenger you sent to tell me of the death of my little daughter missed his way. But I heard of it through another.

I pray you let all things be done without ceremony or timorous superstition. And let us bear our affliction with patience. I do know very well what a loss we have had; but, if you should grieve overmuch, it would trouble me still more. She was particularly dear to you; and when you call to mind how bright and innocent she was, how amiable and mild, then your grief must be peculiarly bitter. For not only was she kind and generous to other children, but even to her very playthings.

But should the sweet remembrance of those things which so delighted us when she was alive only afflict us now, when she is dead? Or is there danger that, if we cease to mourn, we shall forget her? But since she gave us so much pleasure while we had her, so ought we to cherish her memory, and make that memory a glad rather than a sorrowful one. And such reasons as we would use with others, let us try to make effective with ourselves. And as we put a limit to all riotous indulgence in our pleasures, so let us also check *the excessive* flow of our grief. It is well, *both in action* and dress, to shrink from an over-

display of mourning, as well as to be modest and unassuming on festival occasions.

Let us also call to mind the years before our little daughter was born. We are now in the same condition as then, except that the time she was with us is to be counted as an added blessing. Let us not ungratefully accuse Fortune for what was given us, because we could not also have all that we desired. What we had, and while we had it, was good, though now we have it no longer.

Remember also how much of good you still possess. Because one page of your book is blotted, do not forget all the other leaves whose reading is fair and whose pictures are beautiful. We should not be like misers, who never enjoy what they have, but only bewail what they lose.

And, since she is gone where she feels no pain, let us not indulge in too much grief. The soul is incapable of death. And she, like a bird not long enough in her cage to become attached to it, is free to fly away to a purer air. For, when children die, their souls go at once to a better and a divine state. Since we cherish a trust like this, let our outward actions be in accord with it, and let us keep our hearts pure and our minds calm.

Plutarch.

Written out, with some changes, from his "Consolatory Letter to his Wife," on the death of their child.

It is not so much what one gains or loses as *what one becomes* that makes life a failure or a success. And as the garden over which no cloud *lower, and on* which no rains fall, produces

fragrant flowers and no luscious fruits, so is it in human lives. Prosperity alone rarely produces the finest results of character. A rough gem is turned into a jewel by cutting and grinding.

When blessings are lost, let us not forget that their possession, while we had them, was a positive good. The sunshine yesterday was sweet, though it be cloudy to-day. If we complain, "The Lord hath taken away," let us not forget to say also, "The Lord gave"; and perhaps some day, though it be with tears, we may be able to add, "Blessed be the name of the Lord."

A child is taken. It made the house bright, like a gleam of sunshine. It is gone, and it is dark. But was having the child so long a little thing? Would you have all the sweet memories blotted out for the sake of escaping the sorrow? Or are you not glad the little one was yours, if only for a time? Is it not "better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all"?

But why does it happen to *me?* why is my home broken, while my neighbor's circle remains complete? But are we ever sure that our burdens are heavier than others? Can we look into the secrets of other homes, or read the secrets of other hearts, and thus tell whose cross is hardest to bear?

An ancient fable tells the story that once, many years ago, all men and women were permitted to throw off their burdens in a heap, and then to choose *from the pile* any other that they preferred *It was only a little* while before they all return *and begged to* carry their own old trouble

more. Each heart knows its own bitterness; but who knows that his own grief is bitterer than that of his neighbor?

But we say, The little one's life was incom
He had only sat down to the feast when he
snatched away. He was a bud that had no
to bloom.

But who gathers a bouquet, and does not t
the buds the finest part? The bud is as per
as the flower. And, were it not, can it not b
som in any conservatory but ours?

And shall heaven have no children in it? M
none but gray hairs pass through its gates? Or shall not, rather, glad, gleesome children, with flowing hair and merry eyes, go with laughter through its doorways, to meet "their angels" who "do always behold the face of their Father in heaven"?

Let us not forget that there are two sides to dying,— this earth side and the heaven side. The stars that go out when morning comes do not stop shining: only some other eyes in some other land are made glad by them.

Suppose an emigrant family,— part of it in Europe and part here in our New World. When a ship sets sail with one more on board, there are good-bys and heavy hearts and tears among those left behind. But when, across the sea, the same ship comes to port, what greetings and gladness and laughter! Ought not those who are left to mitigate their sorrow by some thought of the *gladness of those* on the other side?

Have not some passed over from all our homes

Shall we not pause in our weeping long enough to remember that our sad farewell is followed by a glad reunion there? The boat, with its muffled oars, pushes off, and we lose sight of it through the mist of our tears. But its keel shall hardly touch the sunny shore of that other land, before our loved one shall leap out and be clasped in the arms of those who long have waited.

M. J. S.

With changes, from "Light on the Cloud."

(SPOKEN AT THE GRAVE OF A FRIEND'S CHILD.)

My Friends, I know how vain it is to gild a grief with words; and yet I wish to take from every grave its fear. Here in this world, where life and death are equal kings, all should be brave enough to meet what all the dead have met. The future has been filled with fear, stained and polluted by the heartless past. From the wondrous tree of life, the buds and blossoms fall with ripened fruit, and in the common bed of earth the patriarchs and babes sleep side by side. Why should we fear that which will come to all that is? We cannot tell, we do not know, which is the greater blessing,—life or death. We cannot say that death is not a good. We do not know whether the grave is the end of this life or the door of another, or whether the night here is not somewhere else a dawn. Neither can we tell which is the *more fortunate*,—the child dying in its *mother's arms*, before its lips have learned to *form a word*, or he who journeys all the length

life's uneven road, painfully taking the last slow steps with staff and crutch.

Every cradle asks us, "Whence?" and every coffin, "Whither?" The poor barbarian, weeping above his dead, can answer these questions as intelligently and satisfactorily as the robed priest of the most authentic creed. The tearful ignorance of the one is just as consoling as the learned and unmeaning words of the other. No man, standing where the horizon of a life has touched a grave, has any right to prophesy a future filled with pain and tears. It may be that death gives all there is of worth to life. If those we press and strain against our hearts could never die, perhaps that love would wither from the earth. Maybe this common fate treads from out the paths between our hearts the weeds of selfishness and hate; and I had rather live and love where death is king than have eternal life where love is not. Another life is naught, unless we know and love again the ones who love us here.

They who stand with breaking hearts around this little grave need have no fear. The larger and the nobler faith in all that is and is to be tells us that death, even at its worst, is only perfect rest. We know that through the common wants of life, the needs and duties of each hour, their grief will lessen day by day, until at last this grave will be to them a place of rest and peace, almost of joy. There is for them this consolation: The dead do not suffer. If they live again, their *lives will surely* be as good as ours.

We have no fear. We are all children of the

nother, and the same fate awaits us all. o, have our religion, and it is this,—help living, hope for the dead.

R. G. Ingersoll.

The Sorrow of Bereavement.

1 Job arose, and rent his mantle, and shaved d, and fell down upon the ground, and wor- l. And said, Naked came I out of my 's womb, and naked shall I return: the ave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed name of the Lord.

r this opened Job his mouth, and cursed his And Job spake, and said, Let the day perish 1 I was born. Let that day be darkness; God regard it from above, neither let the ine upon it. Let darkness and the shadow h stain it; let a cloud dwell upon it; let ckness of the day terrify it.

or that night, let darkness seize upon it; ot be joined unto the days of the year, let ome into the number of the months. Lo, night be solitary, let no joyful voice come . Let the stars of the twilight thereof be et it look for light, but have none; neither e the dawning of the day.

now should I have lain still and been quiet, ld have slept: then had I been at rest. he wicked cease from troubling; and there ry be at rest. There the prisoners rest to- ; they hear not the voice of the oppressor. all *and great* are there; and the servant is *n his master.*

Wherefore is light given to him that is in misery, and life unto the bitter in soul; which long for death, but it cometh not; and dig for it more than for hid treasures; which rejoice exceedingly, and are glad when they can find the grave? Why is light given to a man whose way is hid, and whom God hath hedged in?

As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God? My tears have been my meat day and night, while they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?

When I remember these things, I pour out my soul in me; for I had gone with the multitude, I went with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holyday.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me? hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance. O my God, my soul is cast down within me: therefore will I remember thee. Deep calleth unto deep: all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.

Yet the Lord will command his loving-kindness in the daytime, and in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life. I will say unto God my rock, Why hast thou forgotten me? why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

As with a sword in my bones, mine enemies reproach me; *while* they say daily unto me, Where

is thy God? Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

Next to the encounter of death in our own bodies, the most sensible calamity is the death of a friend. It were inhumanity, and not virtue, not to be moved. In such cases, we cannot command ourselves: we cannot forbear weeping, and we ought not to forbear. We may accuse fate, but we cannot alter it: it is not to be removed either with reproaches or tears. They may carry us to the dead, but never bring them back again to us. To mourn without measure is folly; and not to mourn at all is insensibility.

The comfort of having a friend may be taken away, but not that of having had one. In some respects, I have lost what I have had; in others, I still retain what I have lost. It is an ill construction of Providence to reflect only upon my friend's being taken away, without any regard to the benefit of his being once given me.

Let us therefore make the best of our friends while we have them. He that has lost a friend has more cause of joy that he once had him, than of grief that he is taken away. That which is past we are sure of. It is impossible to make it not to have been. But there is no applying of consolation to fresh and bleeding sorrow: the very discourse irritates the grief and inflames it.

Seneca.

The Discipline of Sorrow.

Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort; who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God.

Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thy heart; wait, I say, on the Lord. Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning. He doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men. And ye have forgotten the exhortation which speaketh unto you as unto children, My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of him: for whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.

We have had fathers of our flesh which corrected us, and we gave them reverence: shall we not much rather be in subjection unto the Father of spirits, and live? For they verily for a few days chastened us after their own pleasure; but he for our profit, that we might be partakers of his holiness.

Wherefore lift up the hands which hang down, and the feeble knees; and make straight paths for your feet, lest that which is lame be turned out of the way; but let it rather be healed.

For which cause we faint not; but though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed *day by* day. For our light affliction, which *is but for a* moment, worketh for us a far more

xceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we ook not at the things which are seen, but at the hings which are not seen: for the things which re seen are temporal; but the things which are ot seen are eternal. Affliction cometh not forth f the dust, neither doth trouble spring out of the round. For he maketh sore, and bindeth up; he voundeth, and his hands make whole.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he eadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth ny soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteous- ess for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk hrough the valley of the shadow of death, I will ear no evil: for though art with me; thy rod and hy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table efore me in the presence of mine enemies: thou nointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the lays of my life; and I will dwell in the house of he Lord forever.

The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom hall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; f whom shall I be afraid? For in the time of rouble he shall hide me in his pavilion: in the ecret of his tabernacle shall he hide me.

Hide not thy face far from me; put not thy ervant away in anger: thou hast been my help; eave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my alvation. When my father and my mother for- ake me, then the Lord will take me up. Teach me thy *way, O Lord,* and lead me in a plain path.

I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the

goodness of the Lord in the land of the living. Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord.

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge, and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust. Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence. He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation, there shall no evil befall thee. For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name. He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honor him. With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my salvation.

Death of a Public Man.

Let us call to remembrance the great and the good through whom the Lord hath wrought glory and honor; such as were leaders of the people men renowned for power, for counsel, for understanding and foresight; wise and eloquent in *their teachings*, and by their knowledge made *helpers of their* fellow-men.

They were musicians, poets, just rulers, wise seekers after truth. They were honored in their generations, and were the glory of their times. They have left a name behind them, and their remembrance is sweet as honey in all mouths. And, though some have left no memorial behind them, yet their righteousness is not lost, and the blessed results of their goodness cannot be blotted out. Their bodies are buried in peace; but their work lives on forever.

The people will tell of their wisdom, and after-times will show forth their praise. For the memorial of virtue is immortal, because it is known with God and with men. While it is present, men take example of it; and, when it is gone, they earnestly desire it. It weareth a crown forever, having gotten the victory, striving for undefiled rewards.

The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance, and the memory of the just shall be blessed. We mourn for them, saying: "Beautiful wast thou in thy life! How are the mighty ones fallen! Yet God shall not leave thy soul in the grave, nor suffer his holy ones to see corruption!"

Seeing therefore that we are compassed about with such a cloud of witnesses, let us run with patience the race that is set before us. And as they fought a good fight, finished their course, and held fast to their trust, so may we, taking them for an example.

Whatsoever *things* are true, and whatsoever *things are honest;* whatsoever things are just, an

whatsoever things are pure; whatsoever things are lovely and of good report: if there is any virtue or anything worthy of praise, let us think on these things.

Let us now praise famous men. . . . The Lord hath wrought great glory by them, . . . men renowned for their power, giving counsel by their understanding and declaring prophecies, . . . leaders of the people by their counsels, and by their knowledge of learning meet for the people, wise and eloquent in their instructions, . . . such as found out musical tunes and recited verses in writing, . . . all these were honored in their generation, and were the glory of their times. . . . These be of them that have left a name behind, that their praises might be reported. . . . Their bodies are buried in peace, but their name liveth for evermore.

While I was yet young, or ever I went abroad, I desired wisdom openly in my prayer. I prayed for her before the temple, and will seek her out even to the end. Even from the flower till the grape was ripe hath my heart delighted in her: my foot went in the right way. . . . I bowed down mine ear, . . . and got much learning. I profited therein: therefore will I ascribe glory to Him that giveth me wisdom.

I also came out as a drain from a river, and as a conduit into a garden. I said, I will water my best garden, and will water abundantly my garden *bed; and, lo!* my brook became a river, and my *river became* a sea. . . . I will yet make doctrine

hine as the morning, and will send her light
off. I will yet pour out doctrine as prophecy,
leave it to all ages forever. Behold that I
e not labored for myself only, but for all them
seek wisdom.

he wisdom of a learned man cometh by op-
unity of leisure. . . . He that giveth his mind
ıe law of the Most High, and is occupied in
meditation thereof, will seek out the wisdom
he ancient. . . . He will keep the sayings of
ıwned men; and where subtile parables are,
will be there also. He will seek out the
ets of grave sentences. . . . He will travel
ugh strange countries; for he hath tried the
l and the evil among men. . . . When the
t Lord will, he shall be filled with the spirit
nderstanding, and give thanks unto the Lord
is prayer. . . . He shall show forth that which
hath learned. . . . Many shall commend his
ɛrstanding, and so long as the world endureth
all not be blotted out.

et the counsel of thine own heart stand; for
e is no man more faithful to thee than it.
a man's mind is sometimes wont to tell him
e than seven watchmen that sit above in a
tower.

he Lord Almighty is God alone. . . . He fill-
all things with his wisdom. . . . He maketh
doctrine of knowledge appear as the light. . . .
first man knew her not perfectly; no more
l the last find her out. For her thoughts are
e than the sea, and her counsels profounder
the great deep.

Sentences from Ecclesiasticus

The Hope of Immortality.

For there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease. Though the root thereof wax old in the earth, and the stock thereof die in the ground; yet through the scent of water it will bud, and bring forth boughs like a plant. If a man die, shall he live again? All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come. Thou shalt call, and I will answer thee; thou wilt have a desire to the work of thine hand. My heart and my flesh faileth, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever.

God created man to be immortal. He made him an image of his own eternity. The souls of the righteous are in the hands of God, and there shall no evil touch them. In the sight of the unwise, they seem to die; and their going from us is thought to be destruction. But they are in peace. Their hope is full of immortality.

The righteous live for evermore. Their reward is with the Lord; and they are in the care of the Most High. They shall receive a glorious kingdom and a beautiful crown from the Lord's hand.

The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death. But some man will say, How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come? That which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die; and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not the body that shall be, but God giveth it a body as *hath pleased him*, and to every seed his own body.

ind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, an-
ther of fishes, and another of birds. There are
so celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial; but
ıe glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of
ıe terrestrial is another.

There is one glory of the sun, and another glory
the moon, and another glory of the stars; for
ıe star differeth from another star in glory. So
so is the higher life of the dead.

It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incor-
ıption: it is sown in dishonor; it is raised in
ory: it is sown in weakness; it is raised in
ower: it is sown a natural body; it is raised a
piritual body. There is a natural body, and there
a spiritual body.

Howbeit that was not first which is spiritual,
ut that which is natural; and afterward that
hich is spiritual. As is the earthy, such are
ey also that are earthy; and as is the heavenly,
uch are they also that are heavenly. And as we
ave borne the image of the earthy, we shall also
ear the image of the heavenly.

Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood
annot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth
orruption inherit incorruption. For this corrupt-
ble must put on incorruption, and this mortal
ust put on immortality. So when this corrupt-
ble shall have put on incorruption, and this mor-
l shall have put on immortality, then shall be
rought to pass the saying that is written, Death
swallowed up in victory. O death, where is
y sting? O grave, where is thy victory?
For we know that if our earthly house of th

tabernacle were dissolved, we have a build
God, an house not made with hands, eter
the heavens. For we that are in this tabe
do groan, being burdened: not for that we
be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mo
might be swallowed up of life.

And the ransomed of the Lord shall r
and come to Zion with songs and everlastin
upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and
ness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee
And I heard a voice from heaven saying, Bl
are the dead. They rest from their labors
their works do follow them. They shall h
no more, neither thirst any more; neither
the sun light on them, nor any heat.

For the city hath no need of the sun, neith
the moon to shine in it; for the glory of God
lighten it. And the nations shall walk in
light of it. The gates of it shall not be sh
all; and there shall be no night there.

And I heard a great voice out of heaven sa
Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, a
will dwell with them, and they shall be his pe
and God himself shall be with them, and be
God. And God shall wipe away all tears
their eyes; and there shall be no more d
neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall the
any more pain: for the former things are pa
away.

This life is only a prelude to eternity, wher
are to expect another state of things. We
no prospect of heaven here, but at a distance

therefore, expect our last hour with courage. e last I say to our bodies, but not to our minds. e day which we fear as our last is but the birth- r of eternity. What we fear as a rock proves be a harbor. He who dies young has only de a quick voyage of it. What if death nes? If it does not stay with us, why should fear it?

What it is we know not. And it were rash to ıdemn what we do not understand. But this we ːsume, either we shall pass out of this life into ıetter one, where we shall live in diviner man- ns, or else return to our first principles, free ım any sense of inconvenience.

That which we call death is but a pause or sus- nsion, and in truth a progress to life: only our oughts look downward upon the body, and not ·ward upon things to come. It is the care of a se and good man to look to his manners and ːions; and rather how well he lives than how ıg. To die sooner or later is not the business, t to die well or ill; for death brings us to immor- ity. *Seneca.*

Those of us who think that death is an evil are error. There is great reason to hope that death a good. For one of two things: either death is ıtate of nothingness and utter unconsciousness, there is a migration of the soul from this world another.

Now, if there is no consciousness, but a sleep, disturbed by dreams, death will be a gain; for rnity is then but a single night.

But if death is the journey to another place, a there all the dead are, what good, O my friend can be greater than this? What would not man give, if he might converse with Orpheus a Musæus and Hesiod and Homer? Nay, if th be true, let me die again and again. I shall ha a wonderful interest in there meeting and conve ing with the heroes of old.

Above all, I shall then be able to continue n search into knowledge. What delight wou there be in conversing with [the great and goo and asking them questions!

[And] besides being happier in that world tha in this, they will be immortal, if what is said i true.

Wherefore, be of good cheer about death, an know of a certainty that no evil can happen to good man either in life or after death. To di and be released [is] better for me.

I am not angry with my condemners or wit my accusers. They have done me no harm although they did not intend to do me any good and for this I may gently blame them.

The hour of departure has arrived, and we g our ways,—I to die and you to live. Which i better God only knows.

The soul, which cannot die, merits all the mora and intellectual improvement we can possibly giv it. A Spirit, formed to live forever, should b making continual advances in virtue and wisdom *At death, such* a soul is conducted by its invisib *guardian to the* heights of heavenly felicity, wh

it becomes the associate of tormented, seeing the all ages. . . .

Is it not strange, my friend this world, and he have said to convince you I am both worlds hath ety of the happy, you still think ing the virtue Socrates? Bury my lifeless body please; but do not mourn over it, as if ute him Socrates. . . .

It would be wrong for me not to be grieved so die, if I did not think I should go to dwell with men who have departed from this life, and are better than any who are here. And be assured I hope to go and dwell among good men. I entertain a good hope that something awaits those who die, and that it will be better for the good than for the evil, as has been said long since.

Socrates, 469 *B.C.*

The soul lives after the body dies. The soul passes through the gate; he makes a way in the darkness to his Father. He has pierced the heart of evil, to do the things of his Father. He has come a prepared Spirit. He says: Hail, thou Self-Created! Do not turn me away. I am one of thy types on earth. I have not privily done evil against any man; I have not been idle; I have not made any to weep; I have not murdered; I have not defrauded; I have not committed adultery. I am pure.

The Judge of the Dead answers:

Let the soul pass on. He is without sin; he lives upon truth. He has made his delight in *doing what men* say, and what the gods wish

But if death is the ꝺ the hungry; drink to the there all the dead s̄ to the naked. His lips are can be greater th̄s are pure. His heart weighs man give, if he ꝛance. The departed fought on Musæus and ꝺle of the good gods, as his Father, be true, let the Invisible World, had commanded a wonde God, the protector of him who has ingught his cry unto thee, make it well with him in the world of Spirits!

A portion of the Egyptian Book of the Dead, found in ancient tombs, written on papyrus,— 2000 *B.C.*

May thy soul attain to the Creator of all mankind. . . . These have found grace in the eyes of the Great God. They dwell in the abodes of glory, where the heavenly life is led. The bodies which they have abandoned will repose forever in their tombs, while they will enjoy the presence of the Great God.

Writing in Egyptian tombs,— 2000 *B.C.*

The God of the Dead waits enthroned in immortal light to welcome the good into his kingdom of joy: to the homes he had gone to prepare for them, where the One Being dwells beyond the stars.

Oldest of the Vedas, Hindu,— 1500 *B.C.*

Death does not differ at all from life.

Thales, Grecian,— born 640 *B.C.*

The evil-doer mourns in this world, and he will *mourn in the* next world: in both worlds has he

sorrow. He grieves, he is tormented, seeing the evil of his deeds.

The virtuous man rejoices in this world, and he will rejoice in another world: in both worlds hath he joy. He rejoices, he exults, seeing the virtue of his deeds.

As kindred, friends, and dear ones salute him who hath travelled far and returned home safe, so will good deeds welcome him who goes from this world and enters another.

Dhammapada, Buddha Sakya, Hindu,—born 627 *B.C.*

The man who has constantly contended against evil, morally and physically, outwardly and inwardly, may fearlessly meet death; well assured that radiant Spirits will lead him across the luminous bridge into a paradise of eternal happiness. . . . Souls risen from the graves will know each other, and say, That is my father, or my brother, my wife, or my sister.

Zendavesta, Persian, Zoroaster,— 589 *B.C.*

When thou shalt have laid aside thy body, thou shalt rise, freed from mortality, and become a god of the kindly skies.

Pythagoras, Grecian,—born 580 *B.C.*

My body must descend to the place ordained, but my soul will not descend: being a thing immortal, it will ascend on high, where it will enter a heavenly abode.

Heraclitus, Ephesian,— 500 B.C.

The soul is the principle of life, which the Sovereign Wisdom employed to animate bodies Matter is inert and perishable. The soul thinks, acts, and is immortal. . . . There is another invisible, eternal existence superior to this visible one which does not perish when all things perish Those who attain to this never return.

Bhagavadgita, Hindu,— 200 *B.C*

The soul is not born; it does not die. It was not produced from any one, nor was any produced from it. Unborn, eternal, it is not slain, though the body is slain. Subtler than what is subtle greater than what is great,— sitting, it goes far sleeping, it goes everywhere. Thinking of the soul as unbodily among bodies, and firm among fleeting things, the wise man casts off all grief.

Buddhist Scripture

The effect of water poured on the root of a tree is seen aloft in the branches and fruit; so in the next world are seen the effects of good deeds performed here.

Buddhist Scriptures, Siam.

There are treasures laid up in the heart,— treasures of charity, piety, temperance, and soberness. These treasures a man takes with him beyond death, when he leaves this world.

Buddhist Scriptures, Ceylon.

Man never dies. The soul inhabits the body *for a time,* and leaves it again. The soul is my *self: the body* is only my dwelling-place. Birth

not birth: there is a soul already existent whe the body comes to it. Death is not death: th soul merely departs, and the body falls. It is b cause men see only their bodies that they lo life and hate death.

Buddhist Scriptures, Chine

It is impossible there should be much happine in this life; but there is great hope that aft death every person may obtain what he mo wishes for. This doctrine is not new, but h been known both to Greeks and other nations. .

The soul of each of us is an immortal Spir and goes to other immortals to give an account its actions. . . .

Can the soul be destroyed? No. But if in th present life it has shunned being governed by th body, and has governed itself within itself, and h separated from the body in a pure state, takin nothing sensual away with it, does it not the depart to that which resembles itself,— to the i visible, the divine, the wise, the immortal? An on its arrival there, is it not freed from error ignorance, fears, wild passions, and all other h man evils? . . .

Those who have lived a holy life, when they a freed from this earth and set at large, will arri at a pure abode above, and live through all futu time. They will arrive at habitations more bea tiful than it is easy to describe.

Plato, 429 B.

O glorious day, when I shall remove from th *confused crowd* to join the divine assembl

souls! For I shall go not only to meet great men, but also my own son. His spirit, looking back upon me, departed to that place whither he knew that I should soon come; and he has never deserted me. If I have borne his loss with courage, it is because I consoled myself with the thought that our separation would not be for long.

Cato (*as quoted by Cicero*),— *born* 24[illegible]

When I consider the faculties with which the human soul is endowed,— its amazing celerity, wonderful power of recollecting past events, its sagacity in discerning the future, together with its numberless discoveries in the arts and sciences, — I feel a conscious conviction that this active, comprehensive principle cannot possibly be of a mortal nature.

And as this unceasing activity of the soul derives its energy from its own intrinsic and essential powers, without receiving it from any foreign or external impulse, it necessarily follows that its activity must continue forever. I am induced to embrace this opinion, not only as agreeable to the best deductions of reason, but also in deference to the authority of the noblest and most distinguished philosophers.

I consider this world as a place which Nature never intended for my permanent abode; and I look on my departure from it, not as being driven *from my* habitation, but simply as leaving an inn.

Cicero, Roman,— born 106 B.

In my Father's house are many mansions. I g to prepare a place for you. . . .

They who shall be accounted worthy to obtai that world cannot die any more; for they ar equal unto the angels.

Now that the dead are raised, even Moses show eth at the bush, when he called the Lord the Go of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the Go of Jacob; for he is not a God of the dead, but o the living.

Jesus Christ, Israelite. New Testamen

Not by lamentations and mournful chants ough we to celebrate the funeral of a good man, but b hymns; for, in ceasing to be numbered with mo tals, he enters upon the heritage of a diviner life

Plutarch, Grecian,— 50 *A.L*

Is it a misfortune to pass from infancy to youth Still less can it be a misfortune to go from thi miserable life to that true life into which we ar introduced by death. Our first changes are cor nected with the progressive development of life The new change which death effects is only th passage to a more desirable perfection. To com plain of the necessity of dying is to accuse Natur of not having condemned us to perpetual infancy

Gregory of Nyssa, early Christian Father,—394 *A.L*

What if earth
Be but the shadow of heaven? and things therein
Each to the other like, more than on earth is thought?

John Milton, English,— 1667

In nature, everything is connected, like bo and spirit. Our future destination is a new li in the chain of our being, which connects its with the present link most minutely, and by t most subtle progression; as our earth is co nected with the sun, and as the moon is connect with our earth.

When death bursts the bonds of limitation, G will transplant us, like flowers, into quite oth fields, and surround us with entirely different c cumstances. Who has not experienced what ne faculties are given to the soul by a new situatio —faculties which, in our old corner, in the stiflir atmosphere of old circumstances and occupation we had never imagined ourselves capable of?

In these matters, we can do nothing but co jecture. But wherever I may be, through wha ever worlds I may be led, I know that I sha forever remain in the hands of the Father wh brought me hither, and who calls me further on.

Herder, German,— 1774 *A.*

I trouble not myself about the manner of futu existence. I content myself with believing, eve to positive conviction, that the Power which ga me existence is able to continue it in any form ar manner he pleases, either with or without th body; and it appears more probable to me that shall continue to exist hereafter than that I shoul *have existence* as I now have, before that existen began.

Thomas Paine, American,— 1795

is a state of embryo, a preparation for life.
is not completely born until he has passed
h death.

B. Franklin, American,— 1776 *A.D.*

:n we die, we shall find we have not lost our
; : we have only lost our sleep.

J. P. Richter, German,— 1774 *A.D.*

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what import this vacant sky, these puffing
its, these insignificant lives, full of selfish
and quarrels, and ennui? Everything is
ctive, and man is to live hereafter. That
orld is for his education is the only sane
n of the enigma.

the comfort I have found teaches me to
: that I shall not have less in times and
that I do not yet know. I have known
.ble persons, without feeling that they ex-
the possibilities of virtue and talent. I
een glories of climate, of summer mornings
/enings, of midnight sky; I have enjoyed
nefits of all this complex machinery of arts
vilization, and its results of comfort. The
Power can easily provide me millions more
d.

I have seen teaches me to trust the Creator
I have not seen. Whatever it be which
eat Providence prepares for us, it must be
ning large and generous, and in the great
of his works.

R. W. Emerson, American,— 19th cent. A.D

We sometimes congratulate ourselves at the moment of waking from a troubled dream: it may be so after death.

N. Hawthorne, American,— 19th cent. A.D.

God is our Father. Heaven is his high throne, and this earth is his footstool. While we sit around, and meditate or pray, one by one, as we fall asleep he lifts us into his bosom, and our waking is inside the gates of an everlasting world.

William Mountford, American,— 19th cent. A.D.

We go to the grave of a friend, saying, A man is dead; but angels throng about him, saying, A man is born.

H. W. Beecher, American,— 19th cent. A.D.

This world is simply the threshold of our vast life; the first stepping-stone from nonentity into the boundless expanse of possibility. It is the infant-school of the soul. The physical universe spread out before us, and the spiritual trials and mysteries of our discipline, are simply our primer, our grammar, our spelling dictionary, to teach us something of the language we are to use in our maturity.

Starr King, American,— 19th cent. A.D.

Burial Service.

FROM A. U. A. SERVICE BOOK.

I AM the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord Jesus Christ: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die

We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain that we can carry nothing out. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord.

All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the word of our God endureth forever.

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so *in Christ shall all* be made alive.

There is one glory of the sun, and an
glory of the moon, and another glory of the s
for one star differeth from another star in g
So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is
in corruption, it is raised in incorruption;
sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory; it is
in weakness, it is raised in power; it is so
natural body, it is raised a spiritual body.

As is the earthy, such are they also tha
earthy; and as is the heavenly, such are the
that are heavenly. And as we have born
image of the earthy, we shall also bear the
of the heavenly.

Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and
cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neithe
corruption inherit incorruption. For this c
tible must put on incorruption, and this
must put on immortality.

So when this corruptible shall have put
corruption, and this mortal shall have put
mortality, then shall be brought to pass the s
that is written, Death is swallowed up in vi

O death! where is thy sting? O grave!
is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, an
strength of sin is the law; but thanks be to
who giveth us the victory, through our Lord
Christ.

Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye stea
unmovable, always abounding in the work
Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor
in vain in the Lord.

I reckon that the sufferings of the prese
are not worthy to be compared with t

which shall be revealed to us. For eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart of man conceived, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.

Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal. For we know that, if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth. If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons. Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them that are exercised thereby.

The trying of your faith worketh patience. Submit yourselves to God, and the Lord will raise you up.

Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, according to his abundant mercy, hath begotten us again to a lively hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead; to an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you.

We know in part, and we prophesy in part; but when that which is perfect shall come, then that which is in *part* shall be done away. Now we see *through a glass*, darkly; but then, face to face

ow I know in part; but then shall I know even also I am known.

And I heard a great voice out of heaven, saying, ehold! the tabernacle of God is with men; and will dwell with them, and they shall be his ople, and God himself shall be with them, and their God.

I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, rite, From henceforth blessed are the dead who e in the Lord. Even so, saith the Spirit; for ey rest from their labors, and their works do llow them.

They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any ore; neither shall the sun light on them, nor y heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of e throne shall feed them, and shall lead them to living fountains of waters; and God shall pe away all tears from their eyes.

And there shall be no more death, neither sor- w, nor crying, nor pain; for the former things e passed away.

Behold I come quickly; and my reward is with e, to give every man according as his work shall . Blessed are they that do his commandments, at they may have right to the tree of life, and ay enter in through the gates into the city.

Jesus said, Suffer the little children to come to me, and forbid them not; for of such is the ngdom of God.

ayer may here be offered by the Minister, or said as follows:

Holy Father, be thou blessed both now and *rmore; for* all that thou doest is good. Thou

hast seen fit to take away one who is very to us. Give us, we beseech thee, the spir filial submission. Enable us to say, It is well the Lord hath done it. May we feel that thy is better than any thing we can desire for selves, and may we find comfort in holy happy thoughts of the unseen world. Bring h to our hearts the promises of thy Son to t who fall asleep in him.

O Lord, teach us how to live so as to pl thee. May nothing cause us to forget that we pilgrims and sojourners here, as all our fat were; and may we set our chief affections those things which are above. Merciful Fa forgive us our sins, and raise us from the dea sin to the life of righteousness.

O Lord God, fill our hearts with gratitude thy great loving kindness to us. When takest away, we see how much thou hast gi We thank thee for the sweet memory of bless which are for a season withdrawn from us, an the many blessings which yet remain, and hopes which no earthly troubles can oversha

Blessed be thy name, O Lord, for the assur of eternal life; for the faith that, when the n of the grave is past, a glorious morning will c when thou shalt wipe away all tears from eyes, and there shall be no more death, nei sorrow, nor crying, nor pain. Let this imm hope sustain us in our bereavement. Ma embrace thy promises, and be thankful; ma know that thou art God, and be still.

O Lord, most high, with thy whole C

hroughout the world we give thee thanks for all hy faithful servants who, having witnessed a ;ood confession, have left the light of their ex- ımple to shine before thy people on earth. 3lessed be the memory of all thy saints in our ıearts. Teach us, who now dwell upon earth, to ›ractise their doctrine, to imitate their lives, and o follow their example as they have followed Christ and thee.

Hear, accept, and answer these our prayers, vhich we would offer to thee in the faith and ;pirit of thy Son. Amen.

A hymn may here be sung.

May the peace of God, which passeth under- ıtanding, and the comfort of the Holy Spirit, be n your hearts always. Amen.

Service at the Grave.

MAN that is born of woman is of few days, an full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flowe and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, an continueth not.

In the midst of life, we are in death. Of whoı may we seek for succor, but of thee, O Lord, i whom our souls do rest and hope?

We must work the work of Him that sent u while it is day; the night cometh, in which n man can work.

There the wicked cease from troubling, and th weary are at rest.

From henceforth, blessed are the dead, who di in the Lord; even so saith the Spirit; for the rest from their labors, and their works do follo them.

A hymn may be sung here, or at the close of the service.

Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God t take unto himself the soul of his child, we ther fore commit the body to the ground, earth t earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, in the livin hope that, as he has borne the image of th earthy, so also he shall bear the image of th *heavenly.*

Let us pray:

Almighty God, with whom do live the spir of them that depart hence in the Lord, and wi whom the souls of the faithful are in joy a felicity: we thank thee for having given to us t dear friend whom thou hast now taken away, a for the blessed assurance of reunion in a bet world. Oh, grant that we, with all who are parted in faith, may have our perfect consumn tion and bliss in thine eternal glory. Amen.

The Lord's Prayer may here be said.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and t love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Spi be with us all evermore. Amen.

Poems.

TO BE READ AS PART OF THE BURIAL SERVICE.

NOTE.— Words or phrases may be changed or omitted to adapt the poem to occasion.

From "In Memoriam."

O YET we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not any thing;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last — far off — at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream: but what am I?
An infant crying in the night;
An infant crying for the light;
And with no language but a cry.

I falter where I firmly trod,
And, falling with my weight of cares
Upon the world's great altar-stairs
That slope through darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.

This truth came borne with bier and pall,
I felt it when I sorrowed most,
'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.

Tennyson

To J. S.

God gives us love. Something to love
He lends us; but, when love is grown
To ripeness, that on which it throve
Falls off, and love is left alone.

This is the curse of time. Alas!
In grief I am not all unlearned;
Once through mine own doors Death did pass;
One went, who never hath returned.

He will not smile — nor speak to me
Once more. Two years his chair is seen
Empty before us. That was he
Without whose life I had not been.

Your loss is rarer; for this star
Rose with you through a little arc
Of heaven, nor having wandered far
Shot on the sudden into dark.

I knew your brother: his mute dust
I honor, and his living worth:
A man more pure and bold and just
Was never born into the earth.

I have not looked upon you nigh,
Since that dear soul hath fallen asleep.
Great Nature is more wise than I:
I will not tell you not to weep.

And though my own eyes fill with dew,
Drawn from the spirit through the brain,
I will not even preach to you,
"Weep, weeping dulls the inward pain."

Let Grief be her own mistress still.
She loveth her own anguish deep
More than much pleasure. Let her will
Be done — to weep or not to weep.

I will not say, "God's ordinance
Of death is blown in every wind";
For that is not a common chance
That takes away a noble mind.

His memory long will live alone
In all our hearts, as mournful light
That broods above the fallen sun,
And dwells in heaven half the night.

Vain solace! Memory, standing near,
Cast down her eyes, and in her throat
Her voice seemed distant, and a tear
Dropt on the letters as I wrote.

I wrote I know not what. In truth,
How *should* I soothe you anyway,
Who miss the brother of your youth?
Yet something I did wish to say.

For he too was a friend to me:
Both are my friends, and my true breast
Bleedeth for both; yet it may be
That only silence suiteth best.

Words weaker than your grief would make
Grief more. 'Twere better I should cease,
Although myself could almost take
The place of him that sleeps in peace.

Sleep sweetly, tender heart, in peace:
Sleep, holy spirit, blessed soul,
While the stars burn, the moons increase,
And the great ages onward roll.

Sleep till the end, true soul and sweet.
Nothing comes to thee new or strange.
Sleep full of rest from head to feet;
Lie still, dry dust, secure of change.

Tenny

He who Died at Azim.

He who died at Azim sends
This to comfort all his friends:

Faithful friends! it lies, I know,
Pale and white and cold as snow;
And ye say, "Abdallah's dead!"
Weeping at the feet and head.
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your sighs and prayers;
Yet I smile and whisper this,—
"*I* am not the thing you kiss:
Cease your tears and let it lie:
It *was* mine, it is not I."

Sweet friends! what the women lave,
For the last sleep of the grave,
Is a hut which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage from which at last,
Like a bird, my soul hath passed.
Love the inmate, not the room,—
The wearer, not the garb,—the plume
Of the eagle, not the bars
That kept him from those splendid stars.

Loving friends! be wise, and dry
Straightway every weeping eye.
What ye lift upon the bier
Is not worth a single tear.

'Tis an empty sea-shell,— one
Out of which the pearl has gone.
The shell is broken, it lies there:
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.
'Tis an earthen jar, whose lid
Allah sealed, the while it hid
That treasure of his treasury,
A mind that loved him; let it lie!
Let the shard be earth's once more,
Since the gold is in his store!
Allah glorious! Allah good!
Now thy world is understood;
Now the long, long wonder ends;
Yet ye weep, my foolish friends,
While the man whom ye call dead,
In unspoken bliss, instead,
Lives and loves you,— lost, 'tis true,
For the light that shines for you;
But in the light ye cannot see
Of undisturbed felicity,—
In a perfect paradise,
And a life that never dies.
Farewell, friends! But not farewell:
Where I am, ye, too, shall dwell.
I am gone before your face
A moment's worth, a little space.
When ye come where I have stepped,
Ye will wonder why ye wept;
Ye will know, by true love taught,
That here is all, and there is naught.
Weep awhile, if ye are fain:
Sunshine still must follow rain;
Only not at death,— for death,
Now we know, is that first breath
Which our souls draw when we enter
Life, which is of all life centre.

Be ye certain all seems love,
Viewed from Allah's throne above;
Be ye stout of heart, and come
Bravely onward to your home!

La-il Allah! Allah la!
O love divine! O love alway!

He who died at Azim gave
This to those who made his grave.

Edwin A

The Secret of Death.

"SHE is dead," they said to him. "Come away:
Kiss her and leave her, thy love is clay."

They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair;
On her forehead of stone they laid it fair;

With a tender touch they closed up well
The sweet, thin lips that had secrets to tell;

And over her bosom they crossed her hands,—
"Come away," they said, "God understands."

But he who loved her too well to dread
The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead,

He lit his lamp, and took the key,
And turned it. Alone again,— he and she.

Then he said, "Cold lips and breast without breath
Is there no voice, no language of death?

"See now, I listen with soul, not ear:
What was the secret of dying, dear?

"O perfect dead! O dead most dear!
I hold the breath of my soul to hear.

"There must be pleasure in dying, sweet,
To make you so placid from head to feet!

"I would tell you, darling, if I were dead,
And 'twere your hot tears upon my brow shed.

"*You* should not ask vainly with streaming eyes
Which of all death's was the chief surprise?"

Who will believe what he heard her say,
With a sweet soft voice, in the dear old way?

"The utmost wonder is this : *I hear,*
And see you, and love you, and kiss you, dear ;

"*And am your angel, who was your bride,*
And know that, though dead, I have never died."

Edwin Arnold.

Night and Death.

MYSTERIOUS night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet, 'neath the curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And, lo! creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O sun! or who could find,
While leaf and fly and insect lay revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou madest us blind!
Why do we, then, shun death with anxious strife?
If *light* can thus deceive, wherefore not *life?*

Blanco White.

OH may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence: live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.— So to live is heaven:
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing as beauteous order, that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man.
. . . This is life to come,
Which martyred men have made more glorious

For us who strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven; be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony;
Enkindle generous ardor; feed pure love;
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty;
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense.
So shall I join the choir invisible,
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

George.

Absence.

WHAT shall I do with all the days and hours
That must be counted ere I see thy face?
How shall I charm the interval that lowers
Between this time and that sweet time of grace?

I'll tell thee: for thy sake, I will lay hold
Of all good aims, and consecrate to thee,
In worthy deeds, each moment that is told
While thou, beloved one, art far from me.

For thee, I will arouse my thoughts to try
All heavenward flights, all high and holy strains;
For thy dear sake, I will walk patiently
Through these long hours, nor call their minutes pain

I will this weary blank of absence make
A noble task-time, and will therein strive
To follow excellence, and to o'ertake
More good than I have won since yet I live.

So may this darksome time build up in me
A thousand graces which shall thus be thine;
So may my love and longing hallowed be,
And thy dear thought an influence divine.

Frances Anne Ke

The Reaper and the Flowers.

THERE is a Reaper, whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have naught that is fair?" saith he;
"Have naught but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"
The Reaper said, and smiled;
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where he was once a child.

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

Longfellow.

Resignation.

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps,
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For, when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child,

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times, impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves, moaning like the ocean
That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

Longfellow.

The Eternal Goodness.

WITHIN the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed stake my spirit clings:
I know that God is good.

I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long;
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And he can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed he will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

And so, beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care.

W.

From "Snow-Bound."

THE dear home faces whereupon
The fitful firelight paled and shone,
Henceforward, listen as we will,
The voices of that hearth are still;
Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,
Those lighted faces smile no more.
We tread the paths their feet have worn,
We sit beneath their orchard trees,
We hear, like them, the hum of bees,
And rustle of the bladed corn;
We turn the pages that they read,
Their written words we linger o'er,
But in the sun they cast no shade,
No voice is heard, no sign is made,
No step is on the conscious floor!
Yet love will dream, and faith will trust
(Since He who knows our need is just),
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.

Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress-trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,

Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth, to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever Lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own.

Whittier.

Gone.

ANOTHER hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given;
And glows once more with angel-steps
The path which reaches heaven.

The light of her young life went down,
As sinks behind the hill
The glory of a setting star,—
Clear, suddenly, and still.

As pure and sweet, her fair brow seemed
Eternal as the sky;
And like the brook's low song, her voice,—
A sound which could not die.

And half we deemed she needed not
The changing of her sphere,
To give to heaven a Shining One,
Who walked an angel here.

The blessing of her quiet life
Fell on us like the dew;
And good thoughts, where her footsteps pressed,
Like fairy blossoms grew.

There seems a shadow on the day,
Her smile no longer cheers;
A dimness on the stars of night,
Like eyes that look through tears.

Alone unto our Father's will
One thought hath reconciled:
That He whose love exceedeth ours
Hath taken home his child.

Fold her, O Father, in thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and thee.

Still let her mild rebuking stand
Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in goodness strong.

And grant that she who, trembling, here
Distrusted all her powers,
May welcome to her holier home
The well-beloved of ours.

John G. Wh

The Angel of Patience.

To WEARY hearts, to mourning homes,
God's meekest Angel gently comes:
No power has he to banish pain,
Or give us back our lost again;
And yet in tenderest love our dear
And heavenly Father sends him here.

There's quiet in that Angel's glance;
There's rest in his still countenance!
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear;
But ills and woes he may not cure
He kindly trains us to endure.

Angel of Patience, sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling palm;
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear;
The throbs of wounded pride to still,
And make our own our Father's will!

O thou who mournest on thy way,
With longings for the close of day!
He walks with thee, that Angel kind,
And gently whispers, "Be resigned:
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell
The dear Lord ordereth all things well!"

John G. W

After the Burial.

YES, faith is a goodly anchor:
When skies are sweet as a psalm,
At the bows it lolls so stalwart,
In bluff, broad-shouldered calm.

. . . . . .

But *after* the shipwreck, tell me
What help in its iron thews
Still true to the broken hawser
Deep down among sea-weed and ooze?

. . . . . .

Then better one spar of memory,
One broken plank of the Past,
That our human heart may cling to,
Though hopeless of shore at last.

To the spirit its splendid conjectures;
To the flesh its sweet despair;
Its tears o'er the time-worn locket
With its anguish of deathless hair!

Immortal? I feel it, I know it:
Who doubts it of such as she?
But that is the pang's very secret,—
Immortal *away from me!*

. . . . . .

Console if you will; I can bear it:
'Tis a well-meant alms of breath;
But not all the preaching since Adam
Hath made Death other than Death.

It is pagan: but wait till you feel it,—
That jar of our earth, that dull shock,
When the ploughshare of deeper passion
Tears down to our primitive rock.

Communion in spirit? Forgive me;
But I, who am earthly and weak,
Would give all my income for dreamland,
For a touch of her hand on my cheek.

That little shoe in the corner,
So worn and wrinkled and brown,
With its emptiness confutes you,
And argues your wisdom down.

Lowell.

To a Friend after the Loss of a Child.

AFTER our child's untroubled breath
Up to the Father took its way,
And on our home the shade of death
Like a long twilight haunting lay;

And friends came round, with us to weep
Her little spirit's swift remove,—
The story of the Alpine sheep
Was told to us by one we love.

They, in the valley's sheltering care,
Soon crop the meadow's tender prime,
And when the sod grows brown and bare
The shepherd strives to make them climb

To airy shelves of pasture green,
That hang along the mountain's side,
Where grass and flowers together lean,
And down through mists the sunbeams slide.

But nought can tempt the timid things
The steep and rugged path to try,
Though sweet the shepherd calls and sings,
And seared below the pastures lie,—

Till in his arms their lambs he takes,
Along the dizzy verge to go,
Then, heedless of the rifts and breaks,
They follow on, o'er rock and snow.

And in those pastures, lifted fair,
More dewy soft than lowland mead,
The shepherd drops his tender care,
And sheep and lambs together feed.

This parable, by nature breathed,
Blew on me as the south wind free
O'er frozen brooks, that flow unsheathed
From icy thraldom to the sea.

A blissful vision, through the night,
Would all my happy senses sway,
Of the good shepherd on the height,
Or climbing up the stony way,

Holding *our* little lamb asleep,
While, like the murmur of the sea,
Sounded that voice along the deep,
Saying, "Arise, and follow me!"

Maria Lowell.

The Old Man's Funeral.

I SAW an aged man upon his bier;
His hair was thin and white, and on his brow
A record of the cares of many a year,—
Cares that were ended and forgotten now.
And there was sadness round, and faces bowed,
And woman's tears fell fast, and children wailed aloud.

Then rose another hoary man, and said,
In faltering accents to that weeping train:
"Why mourn ye that our aged friend is dead?
Ye are not sad to see the gathered grain,
Nor when their mellow fruit the orchards cast,
Nor when the yellow woods let fall the ripened mast.

"Ye sigh not when the sun, his course fulfilled,—
His glorious course, rejoicing earth and sky,—
In the soft evening, when the winds are stilled,
Sinks where his islands of refreshment lie,
And leaves the smile of his departure spread
O'er the warm-colored heaven and ruddy mountain-head.

"Why weep ye then for him, who, having won
The bound of man's appointed years, at last,
Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labors done,
Serenely to his final rest has passed;
While the soft memory of his virtues yet
Lingers, like twilight hues when the bright sun is set

"His youth was innocent; his riper age
  Marked with some act of goodness every day;
And, watched by eyes that loved him, calm and sage,
  Faded his late declining years away:
Meekly he gave his being up, and went
To share the holy rest that waits a life well spent.

"That life was happy: every day he gave
  Thanks for the fair existence that was his;
For a sick fancy made him not her slave,
  To mock him with her phantom miseries;
No chronic tortures racked his aged limb,
For luxury and sloth had nourished none for him.

"And I am glad that he has lived thus long,
  And glad that he has gone to his reward;
Nor can I deem that nature did him wrong,
  Softly to disengage the vital cord;
For, when his hand grew palsied, and his eye
Dark with the mists of age, it was his time to die."

Bryant.

From "Thanatopsis."

So LIVE, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Bryant.

Blessed are They that Mourn.

OH, deem not they are blest alone
  Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep!
The Power who pities man hath shown
  A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
  The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
  Are promises of happier years.

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

And thou who, o'er thy friend's low bier,
Dost shed the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
Will give him to thy arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny,—
Though with a pierced and bleeding heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

For God hath marked each sorrowing day
And numbered every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

William Cullen Bryant.

Here and There.

HERE is the sorrow, the sighing,
Here are the cloud and the night;
Here is the sickness, the dying,—
There are the life and the light.

Here is the fading, the wasting,
The foe that so watchfully waits;
There are the hills everlasting,
The city with beautiful gates.

Here are the locks growing hoary,
The glass with the vanishing sands;
There are the crown and the glory,
The house that is made not with hands.

Here is the longing, the vision,
The hopes that so swiftly remove;
There is the blessed fruition,
The feast, and the fulness of love.

Here are the heart-strings a-tremble,
And here is the chastening rod;
There is the song and the cymbal,
And there is our Father and God.

Alice

To J. S.

I YIELD thee unto higher spheres,
I bend my head and say, "Thy will
Not mine be done," though bitter tears
The while my eyelids fill.

I know thou hast escaped the blight
That wilts us here, and entered now
To perfect day,— though in the night
Bereft of thee we bow.

And yet thy little sunny life
Was beautiful as it was brief:
It was not vexed by pain or strife,
It knew but little grief.

The sunshine from our house is gone,
And from our hearts their peace and joy:
We feel so terribly alone
Without thee, dearest boy!

Thou mad'st us feel how very fair
God's earth could be, and taught us love;
And in life's tapestry of care
A golden figure wove.

Brave as we will our hearts to bear,
Grief will not wholly be denied;
The ineffectual dykes we rear
Go down before its tide.

We lie all prostrate,— cannot feel
God's love,— we only cry aloud,
"O God, O God!" for all things reel,
And God hides in a cloud.

We blindly wail, for we are maimed
Beyond repair, until at last
He lifts us up, all bleeding, lamed,
And shattered by the blast.

He asks, "And would you wish him back,
Whom I have taken to my joy,—
Drag downward to Life's narrow track
Your little spirit boy?"

"No! no!" the spirit makes reply:
"Not back to earthly chance and pain."
"Yet, ah!" the shattered senses cry,
"Would he were here again!"

He was so meshed within our love
That all our heart-strings bleeding lie,
And all fond hopes we round him wove
Are now but agony.

Yet let us suffer: he is freed,
And on our tears a bridge of light
Is built by God, his steps to lead
To joys beyond our sight.

William W. Story.

The Two Mysteries.

[In the middle of the room, in its white coffin lay the dead child, nephew of the poet. Near it, in a great chair, sat Walt Whitman, surrounded by little ones, and holding a beautiful little girl in his lap. The child looked curiously at the spectacle of death, and then inquiringly into the old man's face. "You don't know what it is, do you, my dear?" said he. "We don't either."]

We know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and still:
The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so pale and chill;
The lids that will not lift again, though we may call and call;
The strange, white solitude of peace that settles over all.

We know not what it means, dear, this desolate heart-pain,—
This dread to take our daily way, and walk in it again.
We know not to what other sphere the loved who leave us go;
Nor why we're left to wonder still; nor why we do not know.

But this we know: our loved and dead, if they should come this day,—
Should come and ask us, "What is life?" not one of us could say.
Life is a mystery as deep as ever death can be;
Yet, oh, how sweet it is to us, this life we live and see!

Then might they say,—these vanished ones,—and blessed is the thought!—
"*So death is sweet* to us, beloved, though we may tell you na

We may not tell it to the quick,—this mystery of death,
Ye may not tell us, if ye would, the mystery of breath."

The child who enters life comes not with knowledge or i
So those who enter death must go as little children sent.
Nothing is known. But I believe that God is overhead;
And as life is to the living, so death is to the dead.

Mary M.

Auld Lang Syne.

It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all,—
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call;
They throng the silence of the breast,
We see them as of yore,—
The kind, the brave, the true, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.

'Tis hard to take the burden up,
When these have laid it down;
They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown;
But, oh, 'tis good to think of them,
When we are troubled sore!
Thanks be to God that such have been,
Although they are no more!

More home-like seems the vast unknown,
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare;
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, Thy love abides,
Our God, for evermore.

J. W.

The Other Side.

CLIMBING the mountain's shaggy crest,
I wondered much what sight would greet
My eager gaze whene'er my feet
Upon the topmost height should rest.

The other side was all unknown;
But, as I slowly toiled along,
Sweeter to me than any song
My dream of visions to be shown.

At length the topmost height was gained;
The other side was full in view;
My dreams — not one of them was true,
But better far had I attained.

For far and wide on either hand
There stretched a valley broad and fair,
With greenness flashing everywhere,—
A pleasant, smiling, home-like land.

Who knows, I thought, but so 'twill prove
Upon that mountain-top of death,
Where we shall draw diviner breath,
And see the long-lost friends we love.

It may not be as we have dreamed,
Not half so awful, strange, and grand;
A quiet, peaceful, home-like land,
Better than e'er in vision gleamed.

J. W. Chadwick.

The Good Old Grandmother.

OH, softly waves the silver hair
From off that aged brow!
That crown of glory, worn so long,
A fitting crown is now.

Fold reverently the weary hands
That toiled so long and well;
And, while your tears of sorrow fall,
Let sweet thanksgivings swell.

That life-work, stretching o'er long years,
A varied web has been;
With silver strands by sorrow wrought,
And sunny gleams between.

These silver hairs stole slowly on,
Like flakes of falling snow,
That wrap the green earth lovingly
When autumn breezes blow.

Each silver hair, each wrinkle there,
Records some good deed done:
Some flower she cast along the way,
Some spark from love's bright sun.

How bright she always made her home!
It seemed as if the floor
Was always flecked with spots of sun,
And barred with brightness o'er.

The very falling of her step
Made music as she went;
A loving song was on her lip,
The song of full content.

And now, in later years, her word
Has been a blessed thing
In many a home, where glad she saw
Her children's children spring.

Her widowed life has happy been
With brightness born of heaven;
So pearl and gold in drapery fold
The sunset couch at even.

Oh, gently fold the weary hands
That toiled so long and well;
The spirit rose to angel bands,
When off earth's mantle fell.

She's safe within her Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Oh, pray that thus such rest may come,
Dear heart, to thee and me!

Lifted Over.

AS TENDER mothers, guiding baby steps,
When places come at which the tiny feet
Would trip, lift up the little ones in arms
Of love, and set them down beyond the harm,
So did our Father watch the precious boy,
Led o'er the storms by me, who stumbled oft
Myself, but strove to help my darling on:
He saw the sweet limbs faltering, and saw
Rough ways before us, where my arms would fail;
So reached from heaven and lifting the dear child,
Who smiled in leaving me, he put him down
Beyond all hurt, beyond my sight, and bade
Him wait for me! Shall I not then be glad,
And, thanking God, press on to overtake?

H. H.

Hope for the Sorrowing.

YE holy ministers of love,
Blest dwellers in the upper spheres,
In vain we fix our gaze above,
For we are blinded by our tears.
Oh! tell us to what land unknown
The soul of him we love has flown?

He left us when his manly heart
With earnest hope was beating high:
Too soon it seemed for us to part;
To soon, alas, for him to die!
We have the tenement of clay,
But aye the soul has passed away!

Away, into the unknown dark,
With fearless heart and steady hand,
He calmly launched his fragile bark,
To seek the spirit's fatherland.
Say, has he reached some distant shore,
To speak with us on earth no more?

Hark! for a voice of gentle tone
The answer to our cry hath given,
Soft as Æolian harp-strings blown,
Responsive to the breath of even,—
"I have not sought a distant shore:
Lo! I am with you,—weep no more!

"Aye! Love is stronger far than Death,
And wins the victory o'er the grave:
Dependent on no mortal breath,
Its mission is to guide and save.
Above the wrecks of Death and Time,
It triumphs, changeless and sublime.

"Still shall my love its vigils keep,
True as the needle to the pole;
For Death is not a dreamless sleep,
Nor is the grave man's final goal.
The larger growth, the life divine,—
All that I hoped or wished are mine."

Blest spirit, we will weep no more,
But lay our selfishness to rest:
The Providence which we adore
Has ordered all things for the best.
Life's battle fought, the victory won,
To nobler toils pass on, pass on!

Lizzie Do

"Gone is Gone, and Dead is Dead."

"GONE is gone, and dead is dead!"
Words to hopeless sorrow wed,—
Words from deepest anguish wrung,
Which a lonely wanderer sung,
While her harp prolonged the strain,
Like a spirit's cry of pain
When all hope with life is fled:
"Gone is gone, and dead is dead."

Mournful singer! hearts unknown
Thrill responsive to that tone;
By a common weal and woe,
Kindred sorrows all must know.

Lips all tremulous with pain
Oft repeat that sad refrain,
When the fatal shaft is sped:
"Gone is gone, and dead is dead."

Pain and death are everywhere,—
In the earth and sea and air;
And the sunshine's golden glance,
And the heaven's serene expanse,
With a silence calm and high
Seem to mock that mournful cry,
Wrung from hearts by hope unfed:
"Gone is gone, and dead is dead."

O ye sorrowing ones, arise;
Wipe the tear-drops from your eyes;
Lift your faces to the light;
Read Death's mystery aright.
Life unfolds from life within,
And with death does life begin.
Of the soul can ne'er be said,
"Gone is gone, and dead is dead."

As the stars which, one by one,
Lit their torches at the sun,
And across ethereal space
Swept each to its destined place,
So the soul's Promethean fire,
Kindled never to expire,
On its course immortal sped,
Is not gone, and is not dead.

By a Power to thought unknown,
Love shall ever seek its own.
Sundered not by time or space,
With no distant dwelling-place,
Soul shall answer unto soul,
As the needle to the pole,
Leaving grief's lament unsaid,
"Gone is gone, and dead is dead."

Evermore Love's quickening breath
Calls the living soul from death;

And the resurrection's power
Comes to every dying hour.
When the soul, with vision clear,
Learns that heaven is always near,
Never more shall it be said,
"Gone is gone, and dead is dead."

Child with the Snowy Cheek.

CHILD with the snowy cheek,
Child with the stainless brow,
Thy white-robed form and look so meek
Are as an angel's now.

Death's mystery hath cast
Its strangeness o'er thy face,
But the angel marred not as he passed
One line of its tender grace.

He but folded the waxen hands,
Sent sleep on the gladsome eyes,
And wrapped thee round with the viewless bands
Of death's great, still surprise.

Now into the upper life,
Into realms of infinite peace,
Thou hast entered at once, untouched by the strife
That comes with our life's increase.

Into the infinite love,
Into the cloudless light,
Into the welcome that waited above,—
Below thee, the storm and night.

Saved from the toilsome way
We travel with weary feet,
From the bitterness hid in the cup alway,
Whose first taste is so sweet.

The base and the unkind,
The cruel and the untrue,
Soiling and stain of the deathless mind,
Fair child, are not for you.

For you there is gladness and rest
Where the white-robed singers stand,
Where pain is forgotten and sorrow is blest,
In the soul's own fatherland;

Where the little ones of earth,
In gardens and meadows broad,
Wandering and playing, make musical mirth
By the soft-flowing river of God.

But we! In a world of pain,
We linger and weep and wait;
And we strive in vain any glimpse to gain
Of thee and the Beautiful Gate.

For the gate that is gold to thee,
Golden and jewelled and bright,
Is wrapped in a gloom on the side we see,—
Its sentinels, Fear and Night.

But the gate of gloom and of gold
Will open to us some day,
On hinges of silence backward rolled;
And Fear will vanish away.

And Night into Morning will change,
As the light of the Land comes out,
And a rapture, sudden and sweet and strange,
Succeed to our trouble and doubt.

Oh, blessed and strong and sweet
The hope of that coming time,
When thy welcoming hands our hands shall meet
In the gate of the Life Sublime;

In the gate of the City of God;
In the gate of the Infinite Peace;
In the sweet dawn-light that shall shine abroad
O'er the fields of our love's increase.

W. H. Sau

The Home-Seeker.

I.

TWILIGHT falls: a tiny maiden
Cometh up the village street;
Vagrant locks, all dewy-laden,
Eager eyes and tired feet
Hath the shadowy little maiden.

Tired of wandering and of playing,
Up the dim street see her come:
Hurrying now, and now delaying,
Toward the rest and love of home,
Comes the maiden from her playing.

II.

See! again! a woman hasting
Down a shadowy, sunset way,
Loving, anxious glances casting
Through the twilight soft and gray;
Homeward, love-ward she is hasting.

Laughing children run to meet her
From the home-door, open wide;
Loving words and kisses greet her,
Pattering feet run by her side;
All the home comes forth to meet her.

III.

Look once more! a pilgrim weary
Standeth in the twilight gray;
All around is strange and dreary,
And she asks, with plaintive query,
"Can you show the homeward way?
Lead me homeward: I am weary."

Then a Presence stood to guide her,
Pointed where the way did lie;
Gently spoke and walked beside her
To a gateway dim and high.
"*Home*," she breathed, with restful sigh,
To the Presence that did guide her.

IV.

Homeward still, the tiny maiden,
Motherhood, love and care laden,
Age, with weight of years oppressed,
Homeward turn for love and rest.
And the home, with open door,
Waits with "Welcome" evermore.

W. H. Savage.

The Sunset Way.

THE sun that sinks when Eventide
Sits veiled, with dewy eyes,
Beside the gateway of the West,
On other lands doth rise.

The life that sinks, when failing breath
Is hushed to stillness at the last,
Veiled in the mystery of death,
Is as a star when clouds sweep past.

Night's gateway is the gate of Dawn,
Death's gate the gate of Birth;
The sun that set is shining on;
The soul now lost to earth,

Emerging from the brief eclipse
By evening shadows cast,
Smiles, star-like, in that other morn
Where pain and death are past.

And, spreading fair and sweet before,
Are fields of rest and peace,
Where Joy doth sing for evermore,
And love doth still increase.

O friends, who take the sunset way
And fear the coming night,
Each sunset is a birth of day,
Your steps approach the light.

Love cannot die: eternity
Shall keep your sacred trust, be sure;
"For God is love," and heaven must be
A home where love may dwell secure.

Look onward! High above the tomb
The omens of the morning shine!
The evening has its transient gloom,
The morrow comes with beams divine.

W. H.

The Finished Life.

THERE'S a beauty of the spring-time
With its fresh grass and its flowers,
With the song-birds in the branches
And the children's happy hours.

But there is no less of beauty
When the leaves turn gold and brown
In the short'ning days of autumn,
And far south the birds have flown.

If the rough hand of the tempest
Tears away the fresh young leaves,
Over youthful vigor wasted,
Who can wonder if one grieves?

But when off the autumn branches
Drop the brown leaves one by one,
Seems it then as fair and fitting
As the setting of the sun.

Here the old man by the fireside
Backward looks through tender tears,
And he says, "With wife and children
Trod I long and happy years."

As he sitteth by the window
Looking o'er the city ways,
Whispers he, "Success and honor
Have been mine in gone by days.

"I have seen the world's fair beauty;
I have tasted all its sweet;
Now, beyond my two and three score,
Life for me is all complete.

"For the face of her who loved me
Beckons to me far away:
I have wrought the work God gave me,
Then why should I longer stay?"

And O friends, who'd dare to keep him?
Let us sound no fun'r'al knell;
But say of his life, "'*Twas blessed!*"
And say of his death, "'*Tis well!*"

M. J. S.

"Better Off."

"He's better off." With words like these
Kind friends their comfort try to speak.
None doubts it of a man like him;
Yet far off sound the words, and weak.

The heart that loves is not content,
How well soe'er the loved one be,
To have him happy far away,
But cries, "I want him still *with me!*"

That other country may be fair,
Brighter than aught the earth has shown,
But better any place with him
Than to be left here all alone.

Thus pleads the heart that God has made,—
He cannot blame what he has given,—
For heaven without love could not be,
And, having love, the earth is heaven.

The folded hands, the closing eyes,
The yielding up of failing breath,—
These not the worst: to tear apart
Two hearts that truly love *is death.*

Since love is all the joy of life,
  In earth below or heaven above,
Somewhere, we cannot help but trust,
  God keeps for us the ones we love.

Like ships the storms drive far apart
  Wide o'er the sea 'neath cloud and sun,
We'll still sail for the self-same port,
  And meet there when the voyage is done.

And as we tell the story o'er,
  How we were driven by the blast,
More sweet will be those sunny hours
  By contrast with the sorrows past.

M. J. S.

Death's Lesson.

FROM these closed eyes, and these white lips
  Where loving smiles no longer play,
What, to the ear that silence hears,
  Does Death to us, the living, say?

"Sweet friends, the words of love you wish
  You'd said to me while I could hear,
Take heed, in days to come, you speak
  To living ones who still are near.

"No more for me can you do aught,
  Save make the flowers bloom where I sleep;
But hearts of living ones still ache,
  And eyes of living ones still weep.

"Pour out on them the love and care
  You wish you could on me bestow:
Then, when some other falls asleep,
  O'er vain regrets no tears shall flow."

Death, then, would teach us how to live,—
  How we shall die need give no care,—
Live as we'll wish we had; and then
  Death's face becomes divinely fair.

M. J. S.

A. R. C.

WHEN falls the night upon the earth,
And all in shadow lies,
The sun's not dead: his radiance still
Beams bright on other skies.

And when the dawn star groweth dim
Upon the brow of morn,
It still shines on, though earthly eyes,
That miss it, grow forlorn.

Some other world is glad to see
Our star that's gone away:
The light whose going makes our night
Makes somewhere else a day.

The feet that cease their walking here,
Tired of the way they've trod,
With strength renewed go travelling
The pathway up to God.

The hand, whose patient fingers now
Have laid earth's labor by,
With loving skill has taken up
Some higher ministry.

The eyes, that give no longer back
The tender look of love,
Now, with a deathless gleam, drink in
God's beauteous world above.

The lips whose sweet tones made us ask
If angels sweeter sung,
Though silent here, make heaven glad
With their melodious tongue.

And, though her body lies asleep,
Our favorite is not dead:
She rises through dark death's bright birth,
"With joy upon her head."

And she is just our loved one still,
  And loves us now no less:
She goes away to come again,—
  To watch us, and to bless.

And though we cannot clasp her hand,
  Nor look upon her face,
Nor listen to her voice again,
  Nor watch her ways of grace,—

Still we can keep her memory bright,
  And walk the way she trod,
And trust she waits until we come
  Up to the house of God.

Let us be thankful, through our tears,
  That she was ours so long,
And try to hush our tones of grief
  And listen to her song.

He Giveth His Beloved Sleep.

He resteth now. No more his breast
  Heaves with its weary breath:
Pain now no more contracts the brow
  Where broods the calm of death.
Sunk to his rest, like tired child,
  He lies in slumber deep,
Soft folded in the arms of Him
  Who "giveth his belovéd sleep."

Nay, doth he rest? No: day nor night
  He resteth not from praise.
His spirit, winged with rapture, knows
  No more earth's weary ways:
But ever towards the Infinite
  His flight on, upward, doth he keep;
For He gives active tirelessness,
  Who "giveth his belovéd sleep."

And while we grope our doubtful way,
  Tear-blinded in the night,
He reads the meaning of our grief
  Clear writ in heavenly light.
And looking o'er the path he trod,
  Weary, oft-times, and rough and steep,
He knows 'twas goodness led him on,
  And gave to "his beloved sleep."

We, heart-sore pilgrims, follow him:
  It is not for his fate we moan;
But that we "see his face no more,"
  And now must travel on alone.
He, standing on the hills of God,
  Doth beckon to us while we weep.
The night is short, the morning's dawn
  Shall greet us rising from our sleep.

M. J. S.

G. M.

Oh, what is all that can be done,
  And what is all that can be said?
When all is passed, the fact remains
  That he, my noble one, is dead.

Friends gather round and speak to me,
  But can they make *him* speak once more?
I see them coming. but I hear
  Not his loved footfall on the floor.

They clasp my hand in sympathy;
  But, oh! his hand is still and cold:
They look upon me, but his eyes
  Will look no more the love of old.

O friends, your sympathy is dear,
  But who can give him back to me?
Empty and poor is all the world,
  Since I his face no more can see.

I do not mourn a common loss.
  O merchants, have you known of one,
A truer, cleaner-handed man
  Than he whose earthly work is done?

Tell me, O friends, if anywhere,
In all your circles, far or near,
You've found a firmer, truer friend
Than this fast friend that sleepeth here!

O mothers, who with love and pride,
In all the years since time begun,
Have trained your children, tell me where
You've found a truer, tenderer son!

O husbands, wives, in all the earth,
Was any less disposed to roam?
One who was purer in his love,
Or more devoted to his home?

O country, in your hour of need,
When swords were crossed in bitter strife,
What nobler patriot did you find,
Or truer to your perilled life?

If "trees are by their fruitage known,"
O God, who seest the "inner part,"
Then search him through, and thou shalt find
That he was sound and true at heart.

But what can this avail me now?
Because in him there was no dross,
Because my memories are so fair,
Therefore is mine the greater loss.

But — God forgive me! — though I bear
A pain that words can never tell,
Yet somehow I must still believe
That what so crushes me is well.

The memory of his noble life
Shall still inspire me; and some day
The clouds may lift, and light once more
Shine round about my darkened way.

I know he'd have me hopeful still:
Let me look up, then, through my tears.
He'll not return; but I shall hope
To find him in the happier years.

F. F. T.

I LOVED him, friends; and in the mourner's place
Would I sit silent with my tears to-day.
But now his lips are still, and I must speak;
But what words can our thoughts of him portray?

A true and sincere man! With open mind
And heart all crystal-clear, he faced the light.
For though it pained him, still with steadfast gaze,
As on the sun, he dared look on the right.

No ear he stopped, although the voice divine
Bade him walk onward in an untried way:
Such faith in God was his, he could not doubt
The star of truth must lead toward the day.

Stern was he in the battle for the right,
With foot that faltered not, though hard the path.
The fire of love for man that warmed his soul
Against all wrong could flame with virtuous wrath.

Yet gentle was he as a little child;
And, in his tender, sympathetic heart,
Weakness and sorrow found a hiding-place:
No pang of others, but he felt the smart.

He loved his home. As needle to the pole
Turns ever true on whate'er seas men roam,
So to his fireside turned his constant heart:
No spot to him so blessed as his home.

Yet from this home, as from a central sun,
His love for man o'er all the earth outshone:
No earnest cause appealed to him in vain,
That hoped to lead the old earth up and on.

A noble man lies here asleep to-day.
After long weeks of weariness and pain,
Death drew her restful curtains round his bed;
And, though we call, he will not wake again.

Nor would we wish to wake him if we might;
For he has seen the Unseen face to face.
His work on earth is finished. Who would dare
To call him down again from his high place?

And yet, O friends! it is such men as he
That make the earth seem empty when they leave.
That he was noble is our comfort now,
And yet 'tis for this very cause we grieve.

To you, whose broken home will seem so still,
So vacant now that he has gone away,
I feign would speak some word of hope and cheer;
And yet what is it any one can say?

None doubts 'tis well with him. But you will long
To clasp his hand, to see his face once more.
At morn, you'll listen for his cheery voice;
At night, to hear his foot-fall on the floor.

The sting of death remains when all is said;
For it is this,— that those we hold so dear
No longer walk the ways of life *with us.*
We want them happy, but we want them *here.*

When all is said and done, we come to this:
Though clouds be round us and tears dim our way,
We still will trust that He who makes the night
Will lead us through it to the coming day.

We'll hide his loving memory in our hearts;
We'll follow in the pathway that he trod;
We'll make each day another step upon
The stairway leading up to *him* and *God.*

M.

The Heart's Spring-Time.

The earth lay shrouded white in snow;
With low, sad voice, the winds wailed by;
While, as in hopeless prayer, the trees
Their gaunt arms lifted to the sky.

All nature was in chains: the brooks
Crept ice-bound on their sluggish way;

The sun shone feebly, and the night
  Soon blotted out the cheerless day.

Then from the south the glad spring came,
  And breathed through all the chilly air,
And wheresoe'er her warm feet trod
  Sprang life and beauty everywhere.

The fields and meadows all put on
  Their spangled dress of grass and flowers,
Brooks babbled, and ecstatic birds
  Made shake with joy their leafy towers.

Such is the spring-time of the year!
  But tell me, then, Has *man* no part
In life's long triumph over death?
  Is there no spring-time of the heart?

Our loved ones, shrouded white, have lain
  Beneath the snow these many years:
The sad-voiced winds above them go,
  And on their graves drip rainy tears.

Their shadowy memories visit us,—
  For dreams at least can leave that shore,—
Mother's gray hairs and gentle eyes,
  As light she steps across the floor;

Or comes the brother of our youth,
  Making the far-off years draw nigh;
The wife, long lost, our fadeless dream,
  The same old love-look in her eye;

The laughing child, whose sunny hair
  Was so entangled in our heart
It bleeds afresh when we recall
  The hour that tore our lives apart.

'Tis winter in our lives! Snows fall,
  Chill, dreary skies are overhead,
The fresh leaves of our youth are gone,
  The flowers of our hope are dead.

Is there no spring-time of the heart?
  Will our lives bud again no more?
Will they no more return,— the birds
  Whose music made us glad before?

Nay, listen! In my heart, I hear
  The whisper of another spring:
The winds blow warm from sunny lands,
  Leaves burst and buds are blossoming.

I catch the fragrance of that clime
  Where summer blooms the whole round year,
Where every sound melts into song
  And comes as music to my ear.

The lost ones hidden by the snow,
  With faces white and still and cold,
Beneath those soft skies wake again
  To live and love us as of old.

Mother and brother, wife and child,—
  They keep the same remembered faces:
Only tear-stains and lines of care
  With deathless youth can find no places.

And, best of all, it looks like home,
  No strange land trod by alien feet;
Familiar as our childhood haunts,
  Clothed all in mellow sunlight sweet.

The heart's long prayer is answered thus:
  The dead through no far countries roam;
As babes born into waiting arms,
  They die into some higher home.

And 'neath the sunshine of this hope
  My life, where joy had ceased to sing,
Where dead flowers mocked the withered leaves,
  Now buds and blossoms like the spring.

M. J. S.

The Dead One's Message.

COULD now the silence of these lips
Wake into speech once more to-day
With their sweet tones of old-time love,
What last words, think you, would they say?

"Weep for me tenderly; for I,
Were you here lying in my place,
Would press my warm lips on your brow,
And rain the hot tears on your face.

"For is it not death's sting to know
That, howe'er happy, still apart
Our pathways lead us, while the old,
Strong love still yearns within the heart?

"And, when this body's laid away,
I'd have you my low earth-bed make
All fresh with grass, and sweet with flowers,
And sacred for the old time's sake.

"But then, sweet friends, look up and on!
Let sunshine all the clouds break through;
And do not, for my sake, forget
What *for the living* you should do!

"Let not the shadow of my loss
Darken the path the living tread;
But let the memories of my past
Still cheer and help though I am dead.

"These ears can hear your words no more,
However fondly you may speak:
For my sake then, with words of love,
The living cheer, and help the weak.

"My heart, now still, no longer aches:
But weary thousands watch and wake
Through dreary nights and hopeless days;
Help them before their sad hearts break!

"Your willing hands for me have wrought;
But now I need your help no more.
The service you would render me
Give those who suffer at your door.

"Cherish my memory in your heart!
But, lest it grow a selfish thing,
Make channels for a thousand streams,
Of which my love shall be the spring.

"So from the grave I still may speak;
Still help the sorrowing world to bless;
Still live, though dead, and swell the tide
Of human love and happiness."

M.

Which is Better?

FROM out of the mystery cometh to earth
A new child of God through the gateway of birth.

Out into the mystery there beyond breath
Goes a new child of God through the gateway of death.

We smile at the birth, at the death toll the bell;
Yet which is the better, who is there can tell?

How oft is the birth to a life full of tears,—
To a path that is rough and o'erclouded by fears!

How often, heart-hungry for love unreturned,
We see the bliss vanish for which we have yearned!

How often the structures we reared with delight,
Our houses of joy, crumble down in a night!

A live sorrow often is harder, we say,
Than the parting from those who are taken away;

And we sigh for the peace of an undisturbed sleep
Where hearts are not broken, and eyes do not weep.

Our birth is a coming — so wise men have said —
From some other land, where they count us as dead.

For if it be true we existed before,
To the old home we died, as we came to this shore.

Did they mourn our departure there, as we to-day
Lament for our dear ones when they go away?

Who knows then that what we call death may not be
But another new birth, through whose gateway we

Take one more step onward, as ever we climb
The ladder of life, reaching up through all time?

Birth and death may be one then: the different view,
Or coming or going, makes us think them two.

And, since life reaches upward and on through all time,
Each death may be birth into some fairer clime.

Since in birth and death both there are mysteries deep,
And whether they're waking or going to sleep

We know not; and whether 'tis better to stay,
Or whether 'tis best to be going away,—

Let us trust and be patient; for sure He must know,
From whose Life we come, to whose Life we go.

Birth! death! — which is better we now cannot tell.
Believe then that *both* in His hands are well.

M. J. S.

The Loss of a Child.

A LESSON OF TRUST.

A BUD of life just opening
Its petals fresh and fair,
But now frost-nipped and withered
In spite of all my care!

Both day and night I watched it,
'Twas never out of sight;
Glad tears I gave for dew-drops,
And love for sunshine bright.

And yet it needs must wither!
O Father, tell me why.
Of all in earth's wide garden,
My tiny flower must die!

A thousand happy mothers
Their little ones still hold,
While I for mine must hunger
With yearnings all untold.

In other homes, child voices
Laugh out their happy glee;
But all their winsome prattle
Seems mockery now to me!

For my child's voice is silent;
And no one tells me why,
Of all glad mothers' children,
My precious child must die!

Then came from out the silence —
As though some heart above
Was melted into pity —
These tender words of love:

"O mother, in your sorrow,
O father, in your grief,
Can you not trust a little,
And, trusting, find relief?

"I lead you in the darkness
A way you may not tell;
And, if I would, I cannot
The mystery dispel.

"Can you, with all your trying,
To childish thought make plain
The wisdom of your training,
The school-day toil and pain?

"However plain the language,
It falls on childish ears:
They cannot spell its meaning
With eyes all dim with tears.

"The boy cannot know manhood:
The coming years must teach
How childhood's trust and trouble
Toward grander issues reach.

"Till you can read the future,
How can you know to-day?
'Tis ever by the ending
That you must judge the way.

"To your own little children,
Who, fearful, clasp your hand,
You say, 'Fear not, but trust me:
Some day, you'll understand.'

"Learn thus your own good lesson:
Be patient; and one day,
From some height looking backward,
You'll see your earthly way;

"And then your grown-up childhood
You'll know as school-day hours,
And all your tears as dew-drops
That helped life's opening flowers.

"Trust then, while through the darkness
I lead you by the hand.
The end that's now beyond you
Some day you'll understand."

M. J. S.

The Dead Home.

THE heart of home is still;
The house stands on the street,
Nor tells the passers by
Its heart has ceased to beat.

And yet within how changed!
The rooms look as of old:
Across the carpets fair,
The sunlight pours its gold.

The tables and the books,
The stairways and the hall,
Seem as before: still hang
The pictures on the wall.

The little ones, too young
To know what it may mean,
Their wondering questions ask,
With tears and smiles between.

The body of the home
Stands still upon the street;
But yet how changed within,—
Its heart has ceased to beat!

The mother was the heart,—
The mother and the wife:
Her smile was all its light;
Her movement, all its life.

Now that she smiles no more,
And does not lift her head,
The *house* may still remain,
But, oh, the *home* is dead!

The lonely husband broods
Upon the years gone by,—
The kindness on her lips,
The love-light in her eye.

And then he looks before,
And shrinks to meet the days,
When, sitting all alone,
He'll miss her quiet ways.

His heart is sore to think
That time may e'en erase
From her own children's hearts
The memory of her face.

For now their wondering looks
Beseech the reason deep
Why mother lies so still,
And why the others weep.

Oh, house upon the street,
  What comfort can be said
To him who weeps within?
  The heart of home is dead!

But this: You must be brave
  The little ones to bless
With all your manhood's strength,
  And all her tenderness.

'Tis double duty now:
  If she could speak, she'd say,
"Let not the ones we loved —
  Now I have gone away —

"Be poor in love or care;
  Be mother in my place;
And let them not forget
  Their absent mother's face.

"Some day, who knows, perchance
  Where friends can ne'er forget,
They'll clasp me in their arms,
  And call me mother yet."

M. J. S.

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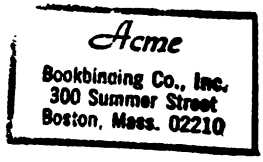

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